

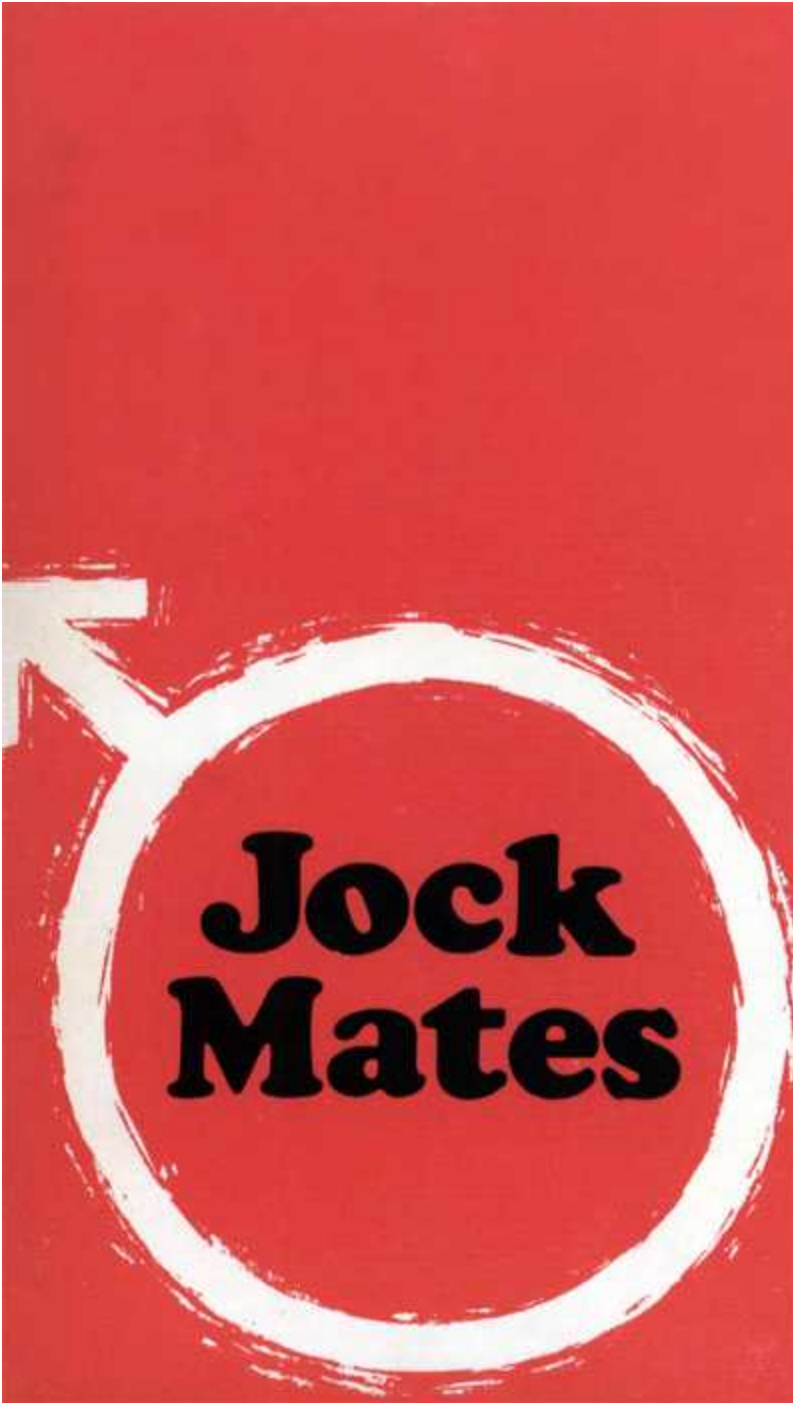
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ac-346 jock mates (barry
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AC-346 JOCK MATES by Barry Dunn

FOREWORD

A question often asked by those who deal with psychological problem is: What is normal? The answer to that seemingly simple question will

probably never be found.

It is normal for some primitive inhabitants of South America jungles to perform, before the entire village, what Americans would consider depraved sexual acts. Such behavior would probably result in arrests and convictions, if not a full-fledged riot, in the U.S.A. Most of the young men in this novel, they have already accepted and adjusted to their world of homosexuality. Yet, there are those who are still unsure, still exploring themselves and their possible life style.

JOCK MATES -- deals with a sexual dilemma that confronts all of us in one form or another. We cannot pass judgment on how individuals seek and find pleasure -- we can only look at them with an open mind, seeing how some members of our society face the problem.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

Jack was only a college freshman but he was already tall -- almost six feet - - and muscular, with sun-bleached blond hair. He already knew that he was gay, an eager and insatiable cocksucker who had the hots for his roommate, best friend, and football teammate, Seth.

Nothing much happened at this particular school except football, but that suited Jack. He was a natural athlete and he was smart enough to know that football could open social and sex doors for him.

Then he came out for practice and nobody took any unusual notice of him.

The line coach put him in as tackle and the offensive team trampled him joyfully. Jack had to admit that was a bit of a turn-on, being crushed under a pile of big, husky, sweaty bodies, thighs and asses encased in tight pants it was almost as exciting as being surrounded by all that husky young nudity in the locker room.

Then he was switched to wide receiver, which was a bore, but he stuck with it for the sake of the constant sexual stimulation. After ten days on the squad, a guy finally approached him in the locker room. It was none other than the quarterback, Seth. Jack had lusted for Seth but, despite his prestigious position on the team, Seth seemed to be a serious student and a loner. Almost Jack's height and build, Seth was dark-skinned and brown-haired with a face that was saved from prettiness by a broken nose and a sexy mustache.

They exchanged greetings in the locker room after scrimmage and that was all. But Jack felt sure he had caught a glimpse of something in the other boy's dark eyes. Seth had one hell of a hard, firm, humpy body, and Jack knew Seth had a long, thick, curving cock and a tight little butch ass as well. Could Seth possibly be gay?

The question tormented Jack during the following week. The gay scene on campus and in the small adjacent town was a very small one indeed and of

course extremely discreet, to the point of paranoia. There was a larger city nearby, with some bars, a bath, and a notorious truck stop. Jack hadn't quite worked up enough nerve to check out the action there yet, but he knew that he had to soon or he'd go crazy with horny frustration!

Jack stripped off his football uniform after practice and walked naked to the john to piss. His body was sweaty all over, giving his deep toned flesh a rich, dark glow. His cock -- a big, dark one -- stretched out to hang low over the trough as his piss splashed down the porcelain wall. It twitched nervously, with barely suppressed lustful energy, as Jack saw Seth, also stark naked, wandering toward the showers with a couple of the other guys.

Jack finished peeing quickly and joined them in the large shower room, turning on the shower head next to Seth's and relaxing his fatigued but well-worked body under the hot spray. As they showered, he gave the quarterback a discreet once-over.

Seth's cock, reined under the hot steaming water, hung down thick and dark pink. A rivulet of water bounced off the smoothly circumcised head, formed a trickle, and splashed to the floor. Jack could see that Seth's balls, coated with gleaming wet brown hairs, were enormous and potent.

Jack thought he'd better not risk looking too much at Seth again. He was soaping his mop of silky blond hair when he noticed that Seth suddenly turned away, too. Jack dared to take a good, long look at Seth's sensational ass. Then, as Seth moved again, soaping himself, Jack saw that Seth was getting a hard-on, a gigantic one!

He wanted to rape Seth right there, in the locker room, in front of the other guys, but he forced himself to stay calm, to finish showering, to dry himself and get dressed. All the while, I want to fuck you, suck you, fuck, suck, went wildly through his head like some obscene litany. He almost died when Seth came up to him and suggested that they go out for coffee together.

Seth matter-of-factly explained that he and dated, but Jack admitted to himself that Seth was probably not even gay, and in any case was almost certainly still a virgin who'd be disgusted if another guy came on to him. It

seemed hopeless. After all, Jack's own sexual experience was limited -- until recently, he too had been a virgin, although an exceptionally horny, eager one.

Partly because of Seth, he'd become an aggressive athlete and the coach liked his spirit. Jack wasn't one of the largest players on the team, but his toughness and determination more than made up for any lack of sheer bulk.

It was his new attitude, though, that was already getting him into academic trouble. Any teacher who tried to tell him that a course was more important than football was likely to be met with either indifference or open defiance. So, in spite of his intelligence and ability to learn things quickly, Jack barely managed to keep his grades high enough to stay on the team and he wasn't doing near as well as he could have.

One day he talked back to a sarcastic instructor in front of the whole class of awestruck students. Almost every day for the next two weeks after that first unfortunate incident, Jack and that instructor would have a confrontation of wills of some sort. One day after another particularly long and heated disagreement between the two of them, the instructor finally [missing text].

"All right, you asshole! Stick around after dual... And keep your mouth shut until then!" he bellowed.

When the rest were dismissed that day, Jack arrogantly -- to disguise his lurking apprehension -- sidled up to the professor's desk. Without even glancing up from the test papers he was sorting, the teacher, David Bonner - - nicknamed "Boner" by his students -- spoke coldly.

"Jack, I don't care how well you've done on this exam -- I'm going to flunk you for your smart-ass attitude."

For all his bravado, Jack was shaken. "You can't do that!" he protested.

"Sorry. I don't like your type, kid. I've never had a student I feel as sorry for as I do for you."

Jack was now visibly as well as internally shaken. "Come on, Mr. Bonner," he coaxed. "You're supposed to be the fairest teacher on campus, everybody says so. Plunking me just because we've got, uh, a personality conflict wouldn't be fair, and you know it."

"Sorry, that's the way it goes," the older man said, obviously not at all impressed by this belated display of repentance.

"Look -- I promise you I'll cool it in class from now on. No more crap -- okay?" Jack said desperately.

"I'll tell you what. I'm going to grade these papers at home tonight.

That'll give me a chance to think it all over. I want you to come over to my house at nine tonight," Bonner said. "The address is in the phone book."

"But why do I have to come all the way to your place?"

"Just make damn sure you're there and on time if you want a second chance so fucking bad!"

Jack started to protest, knowing damn well that Bonner had an office on campus where they could discuss the matter. But then he decided that the man was probably just testing him.

"All right, I'll be there."

"Oh... and right on time, too. Come in," Bonner said sweetly as he opened the door of his modest but comfortable house.

Jack was taken completely by surprise. He had never known this man to be anything but gruff and stern. He had also never seen him in anything except the discreet suits he wore in class. How much younger he looked wearing just a sweat shirt and a worn pair of once-white Levi's.

"Would you like a drink, Jack?" Bonner asked pleasantly.

"Uh, yeah, sure, thank you," Jack blurted out, again taken aback by this unexpected show of hospitality when he'd steeled himself for a lecture.

"Sit down there on that couch and get comfortable. I'll be right with you," Bonner called from the kitchen, where he was busy mixing two stiff bourbon-and-sodas, without asking Jack what he wanted.

Jack sat down, not sure what to expect but decidedly nervous. Bonner returned and, sitting down next to the young jock on the leather couch, handed him his glass.

"... Mr. Bonner, what's all this about? Why did you want me to come over here tonight?" Jack asked impatiently, sipping the strong drink.

The instructor chuckled. "Well, I suppose I wanted to prove to you that I'm not such a bad guy after all. You and I have the same problem, Jack, we both come on a little too strong sometimes. As a teacher I have to, though, but you don't. Drink up!"

Jack unthinkingly gulped down more of the bourbon in his glass. "Well, sir, I really feel like shit for the way I've acted toward you up until now -- I'm really sorry."

"I've noticed that you seem a little uptight in my class, Jack," Bonner said smoothly. "Are you having problems in your personal life? Your sex life, maybe?"

Jack couldn't believe they were having this conversation, but tried to joke, "My sex life, yeah... my lack of a sex life, lately."

"I like you, Jack... I like you a lot," Bonner said softly, placing his hand on Jack's knee and giving it a gentle squeeze. "I'd really like to help you out, if I could..."

"Mr. Bonner, I, uh..." Jack stammered.

"David, just call me David," he said soothingly as he began sliding his hot hand higher up Jack's solidly muscled thigh.

"Oh, shit!" Jack breathed.

He immediately realized just why David Bonner had invited him here. His first impulse was to jump up, away from the guy's groping hand, call him a faggot, and leave with a show of indignation, confident that Bonner wouldn't dare flunk him now because Jack could always expose him.

But then Jack thought, why not? Why not let him blow me? He's not bad-looking, after all he's not a creep or anything. And I'm horny! So horny, from thinking about Seth, from wanting him, that I can't stand it any more! I have to have sex! Sex with another guy! Any guy! This guy...

He fought for self-control, twisting himself toward Bonner on the couch so that his groin "accidentally" pressed against the man's open, caressing palm. Bonner's fingers closed around the lump Jack's big cock made in his tight, faded jeans, and the boy almost fainted with lust.

"I really appreciate this," David babbled. "I'm glad we're going to be friends."

Jack finished his drink in one long gulp. He had a feeling he was going to need a few stiff belts to get him through the evening! Just as he downed the last of the bourbon in his glass he felt Bonner's fingertips massaging the bulge his cock made inside the crotch of his tight pants.

"Can I have another drink? It might help to rein me," Jack said suggestively.

The professor got up and took Jack's glass. Jack noticed, as he got up, that the bulge in his white Levi's had grown considerably. There was something flattering in the knowledge that, inexperienced with gay sex as he still was, he was desirable enough to give Bonner a roaring hard-on.

Bonner returned quickly with two more stiff drinks. As they sat and drank, his hand strayed between Jack's parted legs again, gulping and rubbing his cock through his jeans until Jack, pretending to concentrate on the glass in his hand, started to squirm on the couch under this steady manipulation.

"You're getting me horny, man," he grunted finally.

"Have you ever had a homosexual experience?" David asked bluntly, looking at the boy intently as he fondled him.

"Not really," Jack said evasively. "No? I know that quite a few of the boys in the dorms like to experiment with each other." Bonner sounded both amused and excited at the thought. "They give each other blow-jobs, for instance..."

"Well, I don't!" Jack insisted, indignantly.

"Really? Not ever? Come on, you can be honest with me!"

Bonner had succeeded in getting Jack just a little drunk. "Well -- once or... I guess," the boy slurred, avoiding the older man's probing eyes.

"But I didn't suck anybody!"

"Of course not. Why don't you tell me about it?"

"I really don't... oh shit... it was no big deal. I mean, nothing really happened, you understand! It was about a year ago. I was hitch-hiking home from a movie and the guy who picked me up in his car was young, mid twenties, good-looking. You'd never have thought he was queer to look at him!"

He pawed and David nodded.

"We were talking, and all of a sudden he turned off the main road. I was just about to open my dumb mouth to ask him what the fuck he was doing when he put his hand on my crotch and started to feel me up, the way you're doing now."

Bonner grunted as he started to feel for the tab of Jack's zipper.

"Don't." Jack said.

But Bonner ignored him.

"Before I knew it, the guy leaned across the front seat of his car and just sort of plunged his head into my lap. His mouth -- hot and wet --

closed around my prick, and I got even harder! His lips sort of gripped my cock around the middle of it, his head bobbing up and down in my crotch I slid down further in the seat, giving him my cock, letting him suck it as much as he wanted to. His fingers opened my belt buckle and jeans, and he pulled my jeans and underpants right down around my ankles so he could get at my cock and balls and asshole and everything with his tongue. God, he was a horny cocksucker!"

Bonner moaned, listening intently.

"Then I came. I couldn't have held that hot load back even if I'd wanted to, man! He was moaning, grunting, his mouth pushed all the way down on my pecker, taking my come, swallowing it -- every fucking drop! Then he drove me home and I never saw him again or knew his name," Jack finished confusedly.

Jack blushed at the realization that he'd just confessed this lewd incident to Bonner, who was hanging avidly on his every muttered, drunken word. And that wasn't all the guy was hanging on to. He had Jack's jeans open and his prick out, stroking it into a full, throbbing, potent hard-on.

Go ahead Jack moaned, as Bonner got down on his knees on the floor in front of the descending between the football players legs. "Go ahead and suck it if you want to, man."

Jack buried his head in one of the pillows on the couch. He could hear David saying something to him in a low voice, about how big and hard and juicy-looking his naked cock was, about how much he wanted to suck it.

More asleep than awake, he wasn't sure he really felt his pants being pulled down to his knees, or whether it wasn't just a drunken wet dream.

He jay back, completely relaxed except for the urgent in his groin. He enjoyed this erotic dream of having another man's hand massaging his

rapidly expanding cock, another man's tongue licking its sensitive tip, coating the shaft with spit.

Forcing himself to open his eyes. Jack saw David's head move into position over his upthrusting hard-on. His eyes slowly closed again as he felt his fully erect nine-inch cock being taken deep into David's mouth. It was penetrating the man's hot, wet, hard-sucking throat with the same astonishing ease with which the other cocksucker, the guy Jack had just been telling David about, had swallowed it.

Jack moaned softly as David's warm sweaty hand grasped his solid, throbbing cockshaft tightly near its base to steady it. He pulled the skin taut as he worked his lips rapidly up and down over the sensitive, tingling cockhead, sucking passionately.

David reached out and pulled Jack's pants all the way down, slipping them off completely over the boy's shoes and socks. The humpy blond student, in no condition or mood to offer him an resistance, automatically lifted his ass slightly, letting David to remove his jeans and shorts altogether.

The instructor then went to work on Jack's exposed, muscular body, licking every square inch of his legs, his groin, his balls and cock and, asshole. He pulled Jack's shirt up to his armpits and licked his flat, tight, well-muscled stomach, drilling his tongue-tip into the boy's navel. He sucked on each of Jack's large dark nipples until they were swollen stiff with arousal.

He stripped Jack's shirt completely from his brawny young torso and licked and sniffed his hairy armpits. Then, in a frenzy of lustful excitement, he tore the boy's socks from his feet and worked his tongue between his toes.

When he finished licking and sucking one part of Jack's naked body, he always returned to sucking hard and fast and furiously on the young athlete's truly remarkable cock. He devoured it hungrily before going on to wet another portion of the quivering boy's nude body with his agile, tireless tongue.

With his free hand, David unzipped his own tight Levi's and began to beat himself off slowly and sensuously as he continued to suck and lick the

semi-conscious, moaning, writhing Jack toward orgasm.

As David's incredibly skilled tongue moved from his prick down to his balls, then between his asscheeks to probe at his tight, musky asshole and even penetrate it, Jack could feel the hot potent liquid pressure rising and building in his nuts, in the thick root of his turgid, straining cock. He let out a throaty moan as David, feeling the big prick beginning to pulse and convulse against his encircling lips, quickly put his mouth over its very end and sucked voraciously.

"Oh Christ -- suck me!" Jack mumbled drunkenly, twisting to and fro on the leather couch. "Lick my cock, man... suck down my hot come!"

He gasped as the other man's fast-working tongue did the trick, setting off an explosion of hot, sticky-wet jism. David moaned loudly and lewdly as he greedily fed upon the boy's come, sucking him until he had every last drop. His lips and tongue sent electric thrills through the powerfully-built blond's lode.

David was beating himself off wildly as he sucked Jack dry. His throaty groans of sensual pleasure became deeper and faster as he felt the hot jizz boiling up from his own balls, filling and bloating the aching cock he had gripped in his pumping fist. Abruptly, he released Jack's cockmeat from his mouth and, panting, moved up quickly on the couch, holding his hot, pulsating prick directly over Jack's bare torso.

"Jack, you beautiful fucker! I'm coming! Aaaahhhh!"

He groaned as his long, thick cock gushed wave after wave, of searing hot come across Jack's suntanned belly and chest. Jack opened his eyes and stared at the prick shooting its jism all over his body.

"Oh God, come on me, fucker! Shoot that crap all over me!" he choked, as David's hot cream sprayed upon his chest like a fiery rain. David reached round and grabbed a fresh towel that he kept hidden under one of the cushions on the couch and wiped off his dripping prick. He then leaned over and licked up all the wet, slimy fluid he'd just ejaculated all over Jack's body. The boy gasped breathlessly as David rubbed the towel over the head

of his sensitive prick, cleaning away the last traces of saliva and jizz. The humpy young jock slipped almost immediately into a deep, relaxed sleep of post-orgasmic fatigue.

CHAPTER TWO

David let Jack sleep for about twenty minutes. He took off his own clothes and slipped into a silk bathrobe and fixed himself another drink.

Then he settled down in a chair to watch Jack, whose slumbering body was still stripped naked as he sprawled on the couch, his clothes strewn across the floor between the couch and the coffee table.

Watching Jack, reliving every horny detail of how the boy's stud cock had filled his mouth and throat before finally giving him such a load of thick salty come, David took his prick in his hand and fondled it. At last he topped masturbate and shook Jack gently awake.

"All right, for Christ's sake!" Jack muttered, irritated at being awakened.

All at once he remembered that he was in David's house and stark naked.

He jumped to his feet and, as he hastily collected his clothing, he recalled everything that had happened between them with a hot blush of shame.

"I've got to go now," he said, very embarrassed.

"All right. Thanks for coming over, Jack. Why don't I plan on seeing you here same time next Monday?" David said pleasantly at the front door.

"I don't think so, man," Jack said.

"Don't disappoint me, Jack. I thought we arced that we were going to be friends from now on." The voice was once again that of Bonner, the tough instructor who held Jack's immediate academic future in his hands.

"Yeah? Okay... I guess I can make it," Jack said, disgusted with David and with himself -- yet strangely excited by the thought of having sex with the man again.

Jack had to take a shower before he hit the sack. He could feel traces of dried come on his skin and he felt dirty and used. Watching himself in the shower room mirrors as he dried himself off, he could see why Bonner was sexually attracted to him. His young body was extremely athletic, hard-muscled under the sleek, tanned flesh. If only Seth were that hot for him!

Jack spent the rest of the week and much of the weekend studying hard for his various courses, especially Bonner's. He was determined not to give the guy the slightest justification for flunking him in his class.

Their classroom relationship changed with Jack now quiet, respectful, and fully cooperative. For his part, David rarely spoke to him, except to call on him a few times. Jack had to admit that the man never betrayed his lust for him by so much as a glance. Jack wondered how many of his fellow students might have been invited to go over to David's place to talk about their grades.

The next Monday, though, David told Jack to stay behind and see him after class let out. "I just wanted to remind you about your little appointment tonight," He said, blandly.

"Okay, I'll be there," Jack muttered, having already resigned himself to it. "Only I can't stay so long this time."

"Sure. Would it be better for you if you came over at eight from now on?"

The voice was once again, that of the friendly, sympathetic David.

"Yeah that might be better," Jack replied calmly.

At exactly eight o'clock -- a clock was chiming inside the house -- the nervous, trembling, angry young stud rang David's doorbell.

"Jack! It's good to see you! Come on in," David said as he opened the door, seemingly determined to maintain the illusion that Jack was coming here of his own free will. He put his arm across the pass receiver's broad shoulders and led him toward the infamous leather couch. "Sit down."

Can I get you a drink?"

"Look, Bonner, I know what you want from me, so let's just do it and get it over with so I can get back to my dorm, okay?" he spat, still lingering near the door.

"All right, Jack, have it your way. I was just trying to be nice and maybe help you get relaxed and in the mood for some really great sex, that's all. Let's go into the bedroom and get undressed, if you're in such a hurry..."

"Undressed? Just what kind of a pervert are you?" Jack raged. "I thought you just wanted to suck my cock!"

"I do baby, I do! But I also want to see you naked and touch and kiss and lick every inch of that beautiful stud body of yours," David said brazenly, his eyes roving up and down the body in question as he spoke.

"Jesus Christ! What kind of an animal are you?" Jack exploded.

"I'm a horny animal... I'm gay. And so are you, Jack. You don't have to try to hide it and pretend to be straight with me. Just calm the fuck down. You want it just as much as I do. All I want to do is make you feel good and help bring you out of that fucking closet I can see you're still hiding in... is that asking too much in return for an 'A' in my course at the end of the semester?"

"Oh, Jesus... all tight, let's get down to it!" Jack said tensely.

He was slightly encouraged, however, by Bonner's last words. Bonner was offering him the highest possible grade in exchange for his stud services once a week! It seemed like a fair exchange.

David followed Jack into the bedroom and closed the door behind them. A shaded lamp was turning throwing most of the room into shadow except for the bed itself. Jack remained while David sat on the edge of the bed will pitied off his shoes.

"Take off your clothes, Jack," David coaxed.

As Jack began unbuttoning his shirt with shaking fingers, David stopped stripping himself and sat up to watch the handsome young student.

"What the hell are you looking at?" the boy demanded.

"You. I want to watch you undress." David replied shamelessly.

Jack bit his lip to keep from retorting, self-consciously finished opening his shirt. Then he removed it and let it drop to the floor. He'd look down long enough to see that Bonner was playing with his stiffened prick through his pants, his eyes glued to Jack's heavy, bronzed chest.

Jack bent over to remove his shoes and socks, then, with nervous, trembling hands, he un-buckled his belt and undid the front of his pants.

As he watched David squeezing and massaging the growing lump in his own pants, Jack slowly dropped his to his knees, then bent over again to step out of them. He hadn't put on any underpants, and for a moment he stood there totally naked in front of the other man, uncertain of just what to do next.

"Beautiful! Just fantastic!" David exclaimed, staring up at him. "Now come here and lie down! On your back, Jack!"

Anxious to get the ordeal over with as quickly as possible, Jack did as he was told without protest or comment. David stood up and quickly pulled off all of his own clothes. It was the first time Jack had seen his seducer nude and he saw Bonner had a surprisingly good body, hard muscled, hairy. Jack was also slightly jolted by the sight of the man's naked and erect cock, which he'd been too drunk to notice the week before. He secretly thrilled at the revelation that, young as he was he was hung heavier than this fully mature man.

David sat down on the bed again, leaning over Jack, and began running his hands over Jack's muscular chest and flat stomach... Jack closed his eyes, turned his head away on the pillow, and tried his best to pretend that it was Seth who was doing this to him. The gentle but firm massaging motions on

his body felt good, and for the first time in hours Jack could feel his body becoming gradually less tense.

David went on caressing him as he rolled over on his knees, straddling Jack's body. He bent down and took Jack's soft cock into his mouth. He continued to rub Jack's pecs and nipples with one hand as he brought his other hand down and started toying with Jack's balls. He rubbed gently on the swelling nuts, then slid his fingers on down between Jack's hairy thighs. The heavy cock inside his mouth began to respond and in less than a minute, Jack's cock was up to its full nine inches of thick rigidity.

David was now sucking passionately up and down the full length of the cock, burying its head deep down into his throat each time he plunged his wet lips down around the throbbing cockshaft.

Jack was writhing with pleasure on the bed beneath David. He had never been able to talk any of the girls he'd dated into letting him do more than cop a feel of their tits and the two or three men who'd blown him hadn't been able to deep-throat him nearly as effortlessly as David's could.

The strange, new feeling of fucking another guy's willing mouth and throat drove Jack to new heights of lust. He now almost wished he hadn't been so drunk the first time David had blown him. He'd evidently missed out on much of this wildly arousing feeling that was rushing through his body and especially, of course, through his cock, which had never felt so big, so hard, or so horny!

David stopped sucking and moved his tongue lower and began licking Jack's balls. He moved his hand up and gently massaged Jack's hard-on his own saliva acting as a perfect natural lubricate. The handsome young football player could feel his ears ringing, heat rising within his body, lights flashing in front of his eyes as David's hot, voracious mouth sucked his balls. His tongue feeling as though it were licking the come right out of them, forcing it up into his hard, hot, aching cockshaft.

His head twisted violently from side to side on the bed, the only warning to David that he was coming a loud, deep animal growl of lust. David couldn't move fast enough to get his mouth sealed over the head of Jack's pulsating

cock before it spat a hot, sticky load of white man-juice all over his caressing fingers and eagerly opened lips.

David quickly closed his mouth over the end of the exploding prick got a of salty white crew. He swallowed as rapidly as he could, licking Jack's cockhead continued to spew out of it's head. He went on sucking and licking and swallowing until Jack's cock went completely limp inside his mouth.

Satisfied that he had once again drained the stud of all the fresh come he had in him. David ran his tongue down the length the jism smeared cockshaft and licked it clean. Then using Jack's taut, washboard stomach to wipe come from his hand, he licked Jack's writhing, heaving belly until it was completely cleaned again. He then fell on the bed next to the boy's sweaty, hard-breathing, still shuddering body.

"Quite a load tonight, baby." David said.

"Yeah, I guess so."

Jack stared at David's crotch. The other man had a hard-on, his prick so excited that a thick clear drop of jism oozed from the puffy, wide-open piss slit.

"Don't you want to cum?" Jack asked.

David took his prickshaft in his hand began to pump on it viscously, looking into Jack's eyes. The boy watched more jizz ooze from the tip of his cock.

"Yeah... sure, I want to come... why don't you help me?"

Jack didn't want to suck it, he wanted to save that for Seth, even though the prospect of tricking with his humpy roommate seemed pretty remote.

"Let me jerk it for you," he suggested quickly.

Then, without waiting for David's answer, he placed his own hand a found the head and upper part of David's turgid, dripping prick. David groaned

and lowered his hand to his balls, squeezing and tickling them while Jack masturbated him roughly.

After a few minutes, David moaned and rolled toward him. He threw his free arm around Jack's waist, cupping his ass cheek in his palm and pulling him close. His cockhead rubbed against Jack's belly as the boy continued to stroke it in his fist. David pressed his lips against Jack's and the blond let him kiss him, oddly excited by the way David thrust his wet tongue in and out of his mouth, as though fucking it. David came, moaning into Jack's open, slurping mouth, his hot jizz flying up between their bodies and drenching Jack's torso.

"Can I use your shower before I go?" Jack asked after they'd rested together on the bed for a few minutes.

"Sure, make yourself at home," David answered lazily.

David got up, wiped the jism from himself with a towel, and pulled on his silk bathrobe. Jack walked naked into the adjoining bathroom, showering off his sticky cock. As he rubbed it with his sudsy hand, Jack remembered how good David's mouth and tongue had felt on it. Looking down to assure himself he was completely clean, he noticed his cock was getting half-hard again!

Damn, I've got to find some hot-looking guy my own age and get him to do that for me! He thought lustfully as he stepped out of the shower and grabbed one of David's big, luxurious towels to dry himself off with.

Somebody I can suck off in return... fuck with, too... do everything with. Everything!

He walked back into the bedroom naked, the towel thrown over his shoulder, and was surprised to find that David wasn't there. He slowly got dressed and went into the living room, where David was standing in his robe holding a glass. Another drink was sitting on the coffee table.

"You've got time to join me for a quick one before you have to go, don't you?" David asked, gesturing toward the other glass. "I understand they like

to raid the guys' rooms in the dorm periodically, looking for booze, drugs -- all the fun things in life."

"Yeah, we have to be careful," Jack laughed. "Well, I'll just have this one."

They sat talking just as they had done the first night. Jack resented David for forcing him to submit to him sexually, but when they were together like this, not actually having sex, he couldn't help feeling reined and comfortable around the man, who seemed so sure of himself.

Finally, Jack finished his drink.

"I've really got to get going now... uh, when do you want to see me again?" he asked shyly, suddenly realizing that he had almost made it sound as though he were eager to come back.

"Well, Jack, why don't we just make it every Monday night at eight, unless something else comes up or we decide to do it differently?" David suggested, smiling.

"Okay," Jack agreed, trying to hide his disappointment. He had been secretly hoping to get another one of those incredibly exciting blow jobs before next week!

Jack remembered how, after awhile, his visits to David Bonner's house became more and more pleasurable, something he looked forward to each week.

It soon reached a point where, in actuality, he was no longer submitting to David, but eagerly reciprocating. In fact it had been Jack who had suggested that he start coming over first two, then three nights a week, to be blown and also to suck David off in return and even fuck him and take the instructor's prick up his own ass.

It was with mixed emotions that Jack passed David's class at the end of the semester with the "A" average he had earned with his body rather than with his brain. Although he was delighted and relieved to get the grade, it meant the probable end of his strange relationship with the professor.

Now that David had nothing to hold over him, there was no excuse for his going back and Jack didn't like to admit -- even to himself -- that he fully enjoyed their sexual get-togethers.

Although he never mentioned it to anyone, Jack never forgot the wildly erotic responses that David's lips and tongue were able to arouse in his body. He would frequently jack off while savoring the hot memory of one particularly horny night with David, while beating Jack's big prick off, had stuck his tongue up the boy's asshole and rimmed him frantically.

Jack had immediately shot off his load with such force that his come hit the wall behind the bed. But David had gone on sucking his ass until Jack was so turned on he begged his sex partner to fuck him.

And David had fucked him so thoroughly that Jack had another riotous orgasm while impaled on his cock. Jack wanted Seth to do that to him some night.

CHAPTER THREE

Except for Jack's homosexuality, he and Seth had few secrets from each other, so Jack didn't hesitate to ask his roommate about a fat manila envelope with foreign postmarks and customs stickers on it, that came for Seth in the mail one afternoon. Seth blushed slightly which surprised his buddy, who was even more surprised when Seth admitted that the envelope contained what had been advertised in a sex magazine as: "A juicy selection of the hottest Danish porn ever! No soft-core material here!

All action photos of mind-blowing lust!"

"Jesus," Jack muttered, "and here I thought you were some sort of innocent little puritan or something!"

Seth laughed. "I'm only interested in it for scientific purposes," he joked.

"Yeah, and my name's Albert Einstein! Aren't you dying to open it? Do you want me to make myself scarce while you do your little science project --

probably with one hand -- or can I take a look at them, too?"

"God, you're turned on, aren't you?"

"I'm just... I want to find out what turns you on," Jack said boldly.

"And I've got to admit it -- I'm pretty fucking horny, Seth. It's about all I think about -- getting fucked -- but I can't, not in this hole! I haven't even met anybody I'd want to fuck since this semester started!"

Seth laughed again. "If you keep talking like that I just might not let you see my new collection of imported smut... the way you're acting, I'm afraid you might get so turned on you'll try something with me!"

Jack glanced at him sharply. "What makes you say a dumb thing like that?"

"Oh, come on!" Seth scoffed. "I was only kidding you! Of course I'll let you see the magazines. I only hope they live up to their reputation after all the hype."

Seth was anxious to get a look at the sex magazines himself, despite his affected indifference. It had been a long time since he'd had anything more dramatic than a hand-job, either.

They got comfortable, lying on their respective beds, while Seth slit open the envelope with a letter opener and began to examine his prize.

The material was far from disappointing. There were four magazines, all filled with vividly detailed color photographs of people fucking. The cameras had caught every lurid detail of the poses, leaving absolutely nothing to the viewer's imagination.

Just the cover of the magazine Seth handed to Jack to examine was grosser than anything either boy had seen in print before. It showed a blonde with a huge pair of tits and two men with her. She held their cocks, one in each hand, as though in the act of bringing them to her wide-open, lasciviously smiling mouth. And the way she was sitting, with her legs spread wide apart, the boys could see all of her cunt.

"Holy shit!" Jack breathed, turning the pages of that magazine while Seth, just as started, perused another.

It was as though every lewd story, every dirty joke, everything Jack had ever heard or secretly speculated about heterosexual sex, had come to life! There was page after page of pornography, all of it in color, each shot different and seemingly more obscene than the one before it. Christ, Jack thought, these magazines are something else! Just looking at them was making his prick as hard as a rock!

"Look at this shit!" he urged. "My God, Seth -- will you take a look at this shit?"

Jack was now all but bouncing up and down on the bed with frustrated glee as he held out the magazine to the boy sitting opposite him. Seth glanced at

the photos briefly, then laughed nervously and pushed it away, immediately returning his gaze to the magazine he clutched in his own hands.

"Yeah," he grunted, "I see it. That's about the sickest one I've seen so far!"

"Sick? What the fuck do you mean, sick?" Jack protested. "It's fantastic!

Just look at that bitch -- taking on three guys' pricks all at once! A cock in her cunt, in her mouth, up her ass!"

"I saw it, man... I can see what she's doing and I still say it's pretty perverted. These others, with just two people fucking, are okay. But that one's a little too much for me -- I think it's disgusting!"

"Oh yeah? Then how come you've got a hard-on?"

Seth shifted his legs and covered his lap with the magazine he was looking at.

"Too late, man," Jack snickered. "Don't bother trying to hide the evidence! Your prick's practically busting out of your Goddamn pants. I bet it's dripping jism, too!"

Seth's handsome face colored with embarrassment. "I wouldn't talk if I were you, fucker," he retorted, shoving the magazine out of Jack's hands and pointing to the huge bulge in Jack's crotch.

"Sure, I got a big hard-on, too," the other young jock admitted brazenly.

"I'm not ashamed of what I've got between my legs."

"Well, neither am I!"

"Okay, then -- what's the big deal?"

"Nothing. You're the one who started it, sex maniac," Seth grunted.

He picked up his magazine and slowly began to turn the pages again. Jack did the same, excited by their increasingly horny talk. After a few more

tense minutes of silent inspection, he held open his book and nudged Seth's arm.

"Will you get a load of this cock-sucking shot? How the hell can she get all that meat in her mouth without gagging on it?"

"Try it sometime and find out, buddy," Seth quipped after a long look at the incredibly lewd picture.

"Oh, you're real funny!"

Jack's hand slipped down between his thighs and rubbed his crotch as he continued to stare at the lurid photograph. Finally he set the magazine aside and picked up another, promisingly titled "Rear Entry". He opened it and gasped in amazement. It was too good to be true! There were two guys playing with each other's pricks. It made him blush and his breath caught in his throat with a weird combination of shame, envy, and arousal.

"This one's gay," he announced, dying to get Seth's reaction. "It's all guys!"

"You're kidding!"

"Hell no! Take a look for yourself. It's got cock-sucking and asshole-fucking in it!"

"No thanks, I'll finish this one... well, don't look at me that way, man!"

I didn't know that when I sent away for it! They must include a little of everything... are you learning?" Seth taunted lightly.

"I sure am," Jack admitted boldly, staring at the photographs.

He was still shocked by the discovery that guys could not only do such things to each other, but would be willing to be photographed in the act.

He was also incredibly aroused by what he saw. The magazine depicted two guys in their twenties, both with enviably hard, muscular bodies.

One, with straight black hair that fell almost to his shoulders in a neatly brushed shag cut, was nude except for black leather motorcycle boots. His cock was hard, its thick swollen base and the two hairy stud balls below it encircled by a snug-fitting metal ring and the solid cock was the biggest Jack had ever seen! It was long and rigid and cut, so that no overlapping sheath of foreskin masked the proud outward swell of the purpled, blood-engorged head.

The second model was a big brawny man with a hairy body and dirty-blond hair and beard. He too wore boots, but his had spurs attached and were tucked into tight, faded jeans, which were unzipped and pushed parkway down his muscular thighs to expose his prick. It was every bit as impressive as the black-haired stud's cock and it was secured inside an elaborate cock hardness. A metal ring went around the root of the man's hard-on and attached to studded leather bands that surrounded the guy's balls and lifted them up and out from his groin, separating the big nuts on either side of the swollen, ringed cock.

The device looked uncomfortable as hell, but Jack couldn't tear his eyes away from the way that painfully distended cock strained against the ring and the leather straps. Even more grotesquely exciting, the blond had his left nipple pierced by a heavy gold ring, which he was twisting in his fingers in one photo.

"What's so interesting?" Seth asked. "You haven't taken your eyes off that one page for five minutes."

"Oh, it's just -- this is really disgusting," Jack lied. "But, Christ!

I've never seen anything as fantastic as what this guy's got in my life!

He's hung like a horse and this, uh, thing he's got strapped around his prick only makes it look bigger and harder! And... he's licking the other guy's asshole for him and getting off on it!"

"Really? Let me see," Seth said, reaching for the gay magazine. He studied it, a minute, then gave it back... "He's just hung average. Look at the prick on that cocksucker!"

"I looked, and I still say it's only average. Maybe even run-of-the-mill."

"Oh yeah? Don't you just wish you were hung 'average' like that, man?"

Jack said cynically.

"Who says I'm not?"

"Get serious! I've seen your fucking cock, remember? Like this? Are you trying to bullshit me?"

"I've got more when I'm hard than either of those two faggots, for your information," Seth said flatly.

Jack stared at his friend in silence for a long, tense moment. "Prove it."

"I don't have to prove anything. I said I've got a bigger prick and if you don't believe it, too fucking bad. You seem awfully interested in the size of guys' cocks all of a sudden..."

"I've got enough meat to keep me satisfied," Jack retorted.

"Oh yeah? Then why don't you prove it?" Seth laughed. "I don't see you being invited to pose for anything like these smut pictures, stud!"

"You want to see for yourself?"

Jack got up from his bed, his fingers tugging at his belt buckle. He was as tall as Seth and solidly muscled, his chest rounded like a barrel, his thighs packed with muscle and strength, his face strikingly handsome in its rugged, almost brutally masculine way. With two quick tugs he had his jeans unbuttoned and the zipper yanked down. His pants and jockey shorts dropped to his knees and he stood defiantly exposed in front of Seth. His cock almost shockingly turgid and bloated with pent-up lust.

"Satisfied?" he demanded smugly.

Seth's cheeks were turning an even darker red and he averted his gaze from his friend's obscene nakedness and arousal. "For Christ's sake, Jack, pull up

your fucking pants -- I was only kidding!"

"Oh? What's the matter, you jealous, buddy? Feeling a little ashamed of what you've got now that you've seen the real thing?"

"Jealous of that little prick? Hall!" Seth snorted with laughter, but it sounded strained and unconvincing.

"You've got a big mouth, Seth," Jack spat.

"But that's about all you've got that's big!" Seth leaped up from his bed so quickly that Jack flinched, sure that he was about to get punched. But in the next instant he saw that he had succeeded in goading Seth into unzipping his own fly. He watched intently as the big quarterback yanked down his zipper and spread open his pants, freeing his cock from its confinement and hefting it in the palm of one hand.

"Jesus Christ!" Jack gasped in awe, not believing his eyes.

He'd seen Seth naked many times in the locker room or right here in their dormitory room, but never with a full hard-on like he was sporting now!

"I knew you had a big prick, man, but I never imagined it would get that big! You make that stud in the pictures look like a wimp!"

"Yeah, well, big deal," Seth muttered as he started top his pants back up, embarrassed by what he'd done. "I guess the next time you hear me say something about my cock you'll know I can back it up."

"Wait!" Jack exclaimed hoarsely.

Seth looked at him in surprise.

"I mean, wait a minute, man." He laughed nervously. "Look at us... we both know what we want to do, but we're too embarrassed to admit it."

"Admit what?" Seth asked suspiciously.

His jeans and undershorts were still at half-mast, his cock thrusting out from his groin like a flagpole from the side of a building. He didn't know why he didn't just pull them back up, no matter what the fuck Jack had in mind.

"Come on!" Jack insisted. "If I was alone in this room with those fuck magazines, I'd be naked on the bed with my cock in my fist jacking off like crazy by now. And so would you! So why don't we both cut the crap and get our rocks off right now?"

"I-I don't know, Jack. I don't think I want to!"

"Sure you do," Jack argued. "You want to come, don't you? Fuck, you wouldn't have a hard-on like that if you didn't! Come on, man. Let's look at the magazines and get it out of our systems together. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

He sat down on Seth's bed and kicked off his shoes, then pulled his legs completely free of his pants and underwear. He pushed himself back against the wall, making room on the mattress for Seth, his powerful legs stretched out in front of him. Then he picked up "Rear Entry" in one hand and made a fist round his cock with the other. Slowly, that hand began to pump up and down on his bloated prick, in a sure, rhythmic boat.

"Come on," Jack moaned, looking first at Seth's cock, then back at the naked men in the magazine. "I started it, so you don't have to go on acting holier-than-thou, asshole! You'll be jerking off yourself in another minute and you know it. Shit, these fuck pictures really get me going! I'm not ashamed to admit it... look at these two guys, Seth!

They're playing with each other's big, hard pricks. They're sucking on

'em. They're fucking each other up the asshole with 'em. They're coming all over the Goddamn place... look at 'em, man, look at 'em fuck and suck and shoot!"

Seth sat down on the bed not far away from his masturbating friend and began to imitate what Jack was doing. His eyes focused on the heterosexual

magazine in front of him at first, then he stole a glance at the lurid gay pictures Jack was referring to.

Jack's gaze, however, had swayed from his magazine to Seth again, watching him beat off as bodily as he dared. He couldn't get over Seth's potency. He was a nearly perfect specimen of lusty young manhood, tall and brawny, with strong legs and biceps, a chest that was already covered with a rich fleece of thick brown hair that spread out wide across his stomach and grew into a veritable jungle below his navel and around his huge cock and balls, skin that was tanned a golden bronze from summers spent working as a lifeguard.

"Seth?" Jack asked, his voice tense and unsteady, his cock a column of hot, pulsating steel inside his desperately stroking fist.

"Huh, what?"

"Did you ever have anybody else whack it off for you?"

His hand stopped moving on his own cock he stared at his friend. "Yeah, sure," he replied, with a nonchalance that both shocked and encouraged Jack. "Once the guy who lived next door to me suggested it when he slept over at my house. Why?"

Jack shrugged and flashed a nervous grin. "Didn't it feel better than when you do it yourself?"

"I don't know. Maybe. You want to... try it?"

Jack edged closer to him on the bed. "Yeah. I'll do it to you if you do it to me. Come on, let's play with each other's pricks. We can both come harder that way!"

Seth sat stiff and silent, frozen by indecision. But he made no effort to push away Jack's hand as it slid over his thighs, then moved to his hard-on and curled into a fist around the thick, throbbing cockshaft that had excited Jack so much. Seth's stomach muscles tensed and he jerked his legs

involuntarily, but then he grunted and began to relax under the warm, firm pressure of Jack's rhythmic pressure on his prick.

"See? I told you it felt good. Come and do it to mine, too. Jerk me!"

When Seth made no move of his own, Jack reached for his hand and guided it to his lap. "Go ahead. I'm doing it to you!"

He had to press Seth's fingers in place around his cock and begin to move the other guy's wrist. But after a few awkward moments he thrilled to the feeling of Seth's strong fingers tightening around his prick and starting to work on it at its own speed. It felt different than when Jack masturbated himself. It was more clumsy and fitful at first, but the differences between that technique and the slick, regular beat of his own hand on his prickmeat increased his hot sense of excitement.

"Look at our cocks, Seth. Look at 'em jerk and throb in our fucking hands," he moaned. "Come on, buddy, jerk it! Jerk it! Squeeze the jism right out of it!"

The two boys sat side by side on the bed, their naked hips touching, arms crossed and almost intertwined, neither daring to look into the other's eyes. Their breathing grew heavier and beads of sweat trickled down their flushed faces and chests. Their legs twitched and jumped, their thighs moving open and closed regularly. Their ass cheeks clenched and ground into the mattress as the pressure built up inside their cocks.

Jack's hot eyes darted back and forth from his hand on Seth's cock to the picture that had started it all. He stared at the two naked men, at the frantic pleasure in both studs' eyes as they joined their masculine bodies. Then he stared back at his friend who was whacking him off with machine-like efficiency. His own mouth felt dry and parched and he licked his lips, looking at the photo again, trying to imagine himself in a similar situation, a cock in his mouth, his tongue plunged up another guy's ass -- Seth's ass?

Jack could feel his legs trembling, beginning to tense. He felt the same response building to a peak in Seth's body and cock a moment later. The

pornographic images in the magazine were inescapable, his eyes were riveted to them, his mind obsessed by them.

A terrible moan burst from Jack's throat as he threw himself forward, burying his head in Seth's crotch. He had to do it, he had to suck Seth's cock! He could no longer endure the furious, lustful need tearing away at his insides! His fist tightened around the base of Seth's prick as his mouth closed over the enormously thick head and he began to suck and lick it. His head bobbed wildly up and down in Seth's lap as he forced more and more of the other boy's oversized prick inside his mouth.

"Jesus! Jack! Stop it! For Christ's sake, what are you -- stop it, oh!"

Seth choked.

He pulled his hand away from Jack's cock and clawed at his head to lift it up, to make him stop sucking him. But Jack protested with weird gurgling sounds, clenching his fingers around Seth's thighs and ass, holding him steady, moving his lips and tongue on his meat with furious speed.

Seth went wild with lust as the hot, searing pressure of that wet, steadily suctioning mouth and licking tongue got to him. He lay there on the bed gasping, twisting from side to side, his legs thrashing on either side of Jack's bobbing head, his body straining up off the mattress to thrust his horny cock deeper into the boy's hungry mouth! All that mattered to Seth now was that alternately tormenting and soothing mouth on his cock.

He closed his eyes and moaned, his big body shivering at the lewd, wet, pulling and pushing sensations of Jack's lips sucking him. He bucked himself furiously in and out of that mouth, wanting to drive his prick all the way down Jack's throat. He couldn't believe it, the wild sensation of actually being deep-throated like that.

It was like having a hundred wet, warm, juicy mouths wrapped tightly around his aching cock! A hundred slippery tongues licking it, sucking it, eating his prick meat all the way to its thick root and burrowing deeper and deeper into his thatch of pubic hair to try to cram even more of his hard young stud cock inside that insatiable cock-sucking mouth and throat!

"Jack! Oh, suck me, man! Don't stop, fucker, don't you dare stop now, I'm going to shoot! Jack, you're making me come! Oh, oh -- oh, God, I'm coming -- Jack!"

His whole body stiffened for an instant, then shattered and disintegrated as his cock exploded in the student's mouth and throat, blasting it rich, male seed down Jack's greedily sucking mid swallowing throat as he took all of the potent flood, groaning with passion and gratitude as the taste filled his mouth and seared his tongue.

He drained Seth's cock of its hot load, as Seth collapsed flat on the bed, too weakened by the tremendous ejaculation to do anything until, at last, he felt Jack's reluctant mouth pull away from his prick. Jack slid away and sat up... caressing his friend's bare torso with both warm, sweaty hands. Seth lay there on the mattress, motionless, half-naked breathing hard, not wanting to look his friend in the face as his nipples stiffened when Jack's fingers rubbed his solid pecs. His eyes fell on the shocking picture of the two muscular young men sucking and tongue-fucking each other, and he clutched at the magazine, bringing it closer, staring at it.

"You didn't come yet, did you?" he gasped, feeling Jack's hands close over his pecs, crushing his fists against his palms, as his own prick leaped and twitched in response to the pressure. "Good! Come on, do this to me man... like they're doing in these fuck pictures... suck my ass!"

Seth was surprised by how readily, even eagerly, Jack moved into the right position to rim him, burrowing his face between Seth's asscheeks as Seth raised his legs and threw them over the pass receiver's broad, tanned shoulders, spreading his ass cheeks for Jack's tongue with both hands. Jack's agile tongue parted the sweaty hairs lining Seth's asscrack, found the tight pink hole, and licked it with depraved abandon.

Seth grunted with pleasure as his buddy's stiffened tongue penetrated his asshole and his cock throbbed hotly as Jack pushed his tongue in and out of his ass in a steady fucking rhythm.

"Jerk off," Seth gasped. "Jerk your prick off while you suck my asshole so I can watch you come!"

Jack obeyed, punishing his turgid prick with fierce, rough strokes, twisting his lower body around on the bed so Seth could see him masturbate as he licked his ass.

"Oh, Jesus, you've got a big cock!" Seth moaned.

He toyed with his own cock, which was getting hard again. With his free hand he swiped at the magazine, knocking it to the floor. Who needed a fucking magazine when he had a hot, wet tongue going in and out of his asshole and his own experienced hand around his cock?

CHAPTER FOUR

Seth sat on his bed naked with his feet propped up on the mattress, an ashtray half-filled with cigarette butts next to him. He had been sitting there, dazed, in the same position, chain-smoking for nearly twenty minutes as he felt the sweat and come of their sex slowly drying on his skin.

He'd suggested that Jack go take a shower, sensing how embarrassed his friend was after their furious erotic encounter. Jack had rimmed him, all right, eagerly, even gratefully, and it had felt so good that Seth had climaxed again, just before Jack's own violent masturbation sent a shower of his jizz flying all over Seth's torso and even his face. Jack was so horny by then that he easily kept his prick hard and jerked it, trying for a second orgasm, when Seth decided to help him out by actually going down on him -- actually blowing him and swallowing his come!

Seth still couldn't believe it, couldn't quite accept the fact that he'd not only done such a thing with his good-looking roommate, but that he had enjoyed it immensely. Enjoyed every wild, horny, cock-sucking second of having Jack's prick in his mouth, throbbing, shooting off, filling his throat with its warm thick load! That was the worst part of it that he'd enjoyed it so much. He stared with a mixture of fascination and revulsion at the stack of sex magazines beside the bed.

"Fucking filth," he muttered out loud. "I wish to hell I'd never ordered them!"

Seth knew exactly when it had all started, that night he and Gordon Hughes had fooled around together. He remembered the lewd incident with guilty nostalgia.

Gordon's parents had gone to visit with some relatives in another city for the weekend and Seth's parents volunteered to look after their neighbors' son. Jack had invited him to share his room and so Gordon ended up sleeping in Jack's bed.

Because of the big football game the next day, Gordon wanted to go to bed early and Jack went with him. He was overjoyed quite innocently, he thought at the prospect of having Gordon there overnight. Gordon was three years older than Seth and co-captain of their winning team, making him an idol of all the younger guys at school. He was everything Seth hoped to eventually become and more.

Jack sat on the edge of his double bed and watched Gordon undress for the night. He had a fantastic body for his age, richly bronzed from summers spent at the beach, and heavily muscled from football and wrestling. His hair was a light brownish-blond and curly, his eyes a piercing blue. His chest was deep and smooth, with the thick curls of hair of a mature man already sprouting between the pecs and spreading downward below his waist.

Seth was inevitably fascinated by his first good look at Gordon's virility. His cock and balls had an absolute jungle of coarse hair around them. It had been less than a year since Seth himself had started to masturbate regularly and as he stared enviously at Gordon's nakedness and well-developed genitals he realized that he still had some growing to do.

"Hey! What the fuck are you looking at so hard?" Gordon laughed in his deep, ringing voice as he padded naked to the bed and pulled back the covers. "My cock?"

Seth looked away at once, feeling his face beginning to color. "It's pretty big. Has it always been like that?"

"No... I think jerking off has helped to develop it," Gordon snickered as he sat propped up in bed with the covers pulled up just over his crotch.

Gordon's brown skin against the crisply ironed white sheets was the most sensually exciting thing Seth had ever seen. He wished his own body looked that good. He was pulling on a pair of pajama bottoms when Gordon stopped him.

"Don't you sleep in the made?" he asked. "Usually," Seth admitted. "But it seems rude to do it when I have a guest."

"Don't be an asshole! What's the matter? You shy or something? Afraid to crawl into the sack with me naked? Afraid I'll try something with you?"

Seth's heart skipped a beat. "No," he denied, as matter-of-factly as he could.

"I know," Gordon laughed. "I was just kidding. Come on, take those fucking pajamas off and get in here with me naked. Let's get some sleep."

He squirmed down under the covers and cupped his hands behind his head, un-self consciously watching Seth shed the pajama bottoms and stand there nude.

"You've got a nice fat cock on you for your age, man, now that you mention it. If my name was Arnold Thayer, though, you might have something to worry about. You wouldn't be safe around that cock-sucker, not with a cock like that hanging between your legs!"

Without answering, Seth turned quickly away and went over to turn off the ceiling light. He could feel a strange stirring in his cock and he wanted the room to be dark. He was, embarrassed at the thought of Gordon seeing him with a hard-on, especially under the intimate circumstances.

"What about Arnold Thayer?" he asked as a diversionary tactic, returning to the bed in the dark.

"Didn't you hear about what he did to Mike Sutton the john at school last week?"

The bedroom was almost pitch dark, but Seth still covered his crotch with his hand as he groped his way back to the bed and slid in beside Gordon.

His arousal was getting more pronounced and there was nothing he could do to stop it except try to take his mind off sex.

"Slit, I thought all the guys had heard about it by now!" His voice dropped to a confidential whisper. "He did Mike right there in the fucking john!"

"Did what?" Seth asked automatically.

"Don't play dumb with me!" Gordon laughed, hitting Seth lightly on the bar arm. "He sucked Mike off, of course!"

Seth felt a strong pulse go through his stiffening prick. "He what!" he gasped.

"Just what I said... you know what a wild guy that Mike is! He'll do anything and not give a shit who finds out about it or whether he gets caught! He told me that he'd gone into the john during lunch break to take a leak. Arnold Thayer was in there, just standing around at the sinks. Mike didn't think anything of it and he went over to one of the heads and took out his cock. The next thing he knew, he said, Arnold was standing right next to him, staring down at his prick with this hungry look on his face, like he wanted to eat it!"

Seth could feel an erotic tension in his belly and thighs, matching the steadily increasing pressure in his cock and balls. It was the kind of feeling he got when he was horny enough to want to jerk off. And it was mounting inside him by the second as he listened to his friend's deep, warm voice whispering in the dark so close to him, telling him this shocking but highly exciting sex story.

"Mike said he thought it was kind of funny, since the whole place was empty except for the two of them, but he kept on pissing as if nothing was going on. He noticed that Arnold was twisting his head down to watch him unload so he stared him right back in the face and said, 'You want something?' And can you imagine what that little creep told him?"

"No, what?" Seth whispered eagerly.

"He said, 'I want some of that -- some of your cock. In my mouth, fucking my mouth and throat for me!' Can you imagine it?"

"What the hell did Mike do?" Seth stammered.

Gordon laughed and punched him on the arm again. "What do you think he did? He's a crazy fucker... horny as hell all the time, too... so he just whipped around and said, 'Where did you say you want it, faggot -- in your

mouth or up your ass?' Arnold didn't even give him an answer, he was so hot for his cock! He took one look at that big prick Mike was offering him. I've seen the guy naked in the locker room and hell that fucker's hung like a horse and got right down on his knees. Right there in the fucking john! If anybody had walked in, they'd have gotten a real sex show!"

Seth's throat was dry and burning. "But wasn't Mike afraid? Of getting caught?"

"Not him! And why should he be? Hell, he wasn't doing anything -- except having himself a good time. If anybody had come in, it wouldn't been Arnold's ass that was in a jam... you can't blame a guy for taking advantage of a good blow-job when he's offered one, even from a nelly queen like Arnold Thayer."

The two boys suddenly fell silent, their breathing the only sound in the dark bedroom.

"Would you?" Seth asked Gordon falteringly.

"Would I what?"

"Let Arnold Thayer blow you."

"Sure! Mike said he was terrific at it -- that he made Mike come so hard he almost passed out and that fucker swallowed every drop of his jism and then went on licking his cock with his tongue!"

Gordon grunted. "Hell, just thinking about it is getting me horny! Damn, I wish he was here in bed with us right now so he could suck us both off, Seth!"

Again there was a thick silence between them. Seth could feel his bedmate squirming beside him and he rolled his head on the pillow to look at Gordon. His eyes had grown sufficiently accustomed to the darkness so that he could make out the shape of Gordon's big body. The older guy lay flat on his back, one arm thrown across his bare chest, the other buried deep under the covers. His eyes were closed, but he didn't look at though he was about

to fall asleep. There was a tension in the set of his mouth and the furrow of his brow.

It took Seth a moment to realize that Gordon's hidden arm was moving slowly up and down, the sheets over his middle rising and falling in the same telltale rhythmic pattern.

Gordon was jacking off that huge prick of his! Seth's own hand slid down to his crotch and he jumped as he touched his cock. His fingers felt soothingly cool against the hot, turgid flesh as they curled into a fist around his prickshaft and began to move up and down on it. He tried to be as quiet about it as possible, hoping that Gordon wouldn't know what he was doing!

"You playing with yourself, too?" Gordon suddenly whispered, chuckling under his breath.

Seth froze, motionless with shame, his hand still gripping his prick.

"Hell, don't feel embarrassed about it! I'm doing the same thing... my nightly bad habit whenever I can't find somebody like Arnold to take care of my cock for me!"

Shocked, Seth pulled his hand off his prick and out from under the covers and rolled onto his side, away from Gordon. His hard-on was rubbing erotically against the mattress, throbbing, silently pleading for relief as he tried to visualize Gordon shoving his cock in and out of a kneeling cock-sucker's wet, slurping mouth. He could feel himself blushing.

"You finished already?" Gordon asked. "Man, you're a lot quicker than me."

"No, I didn't finish. I didn't come."

"Why not?"

Seth didn't answer. Gordon's hand touched his shoulder and rolled him onto his back again.

"You want me to help you finish?"

Seth's eyes widened with shock, but he made a super-human effort and managed to grunt in a way that Gordon correctly interpreted as consent.

"Then you can help me," the older guy said eagerly. "It'll be better for both of us that way, believe me!"

Seth's belly muscles tensed as he felt Gordon's hand slip across the sheets and up onto his hip. His fingers were poised, waiting, his hand feeling like a hot branding iron on the younger boy's flesh. Then Gordon's big hand slid the rest of the way all at once and as it grasped his cock Seth grunted much louder, going rigid all over.

"What's the matter? Did I hurt you?"

"No," Seth moaned. "No, it just surprised me... I didn't know it would feel so good, your hand on my fucking prick!"

"That's nothing, just wait!" Gordon chuckled. "Christ, you've got a big prick! You're really hung for a guy your age, you know that? It's almost as thick as Mike's!"

He raised himself up into a half-sitting pose and leaned closer to Seth.

With his free hand he shoved the covers all the way down to the foot of the bed so that there was nothing but the two boys' nakedness on top of the mattress. He crouched on his knees beside Seth and began to move his hand up and down on the swollen prick, squeezing it every now and then.

"Feel good?" he whispered, after a few minutes of steady, gentle stroking.

"Yeah, oh yeah!" Seth sighed. "Oh, Gordon -- it feels so fucking good when you work on my cock like that!"

"I told you it would." Gordon's hand began to pump on Seth's prick faster. "You're not ready to come yet, are you?"

Seth shook his head no. His fingers were digging into the mattress, his legs opening and closing involuntarily, his ass cheeks clenching, as Gordon masturbated him expertly.

"Good! You tell me when you're just about ready to shoot, though --
okay?"

Seth promised he would with a gasp, then surrendered himself completely to the hot stroking of his friend's skillful fingers. After another few minutes he was breathing heavily, his body twisting and shuddering with uncontrollable lust. His legs stiffened and tensed as he felt his excitement beginning to peak.

"Now?" Gordon asked, panting himself. "Are you going to give me your fucking come now, buddy?"

"No, not yet... not yet... oh, God! Oh, oh, oh Christ yes! Now! Gordon, I think it's now! I'm going to come! Oh, Gordon!"

Just at the moment when Seth thought his body couldn't stand any more of the sensations throbbing through it, when he had almost reached the intolerable limit of erotic response, he screamed as he felt an even greater pull of sensation capture the head of his cock. He raised his head and saw that Gordon had plunged his head down into his lap and taken his prick in his hot, wet mouth and was sucking it passionately, bathing it in his saliva and licking it with frantic sweeps of his tongue as his lips encircled and caressed the shaft at its most sensitive spot, just below the flare of Seth's swollen, pulsing cockhead.

Seth's body could take no more of this delirious pleasure. He thrust high with his hips and ass, and buried his hands in Gordon's hair, puffing and twisting it as his legs thrashed from side to side and he started to come in the other guy's mouth. Gordon swallowed hard and went right on licking the other boy's unloading prickshaft as the sweet torrent of jism ran its full course. Seth's cock was ramming deep into Gordon's mouth, almost down his throat! Gordon's wet, sucking lips were forced obscenely wide apart by the thickness of the throbbing, squirting cockshaft, his tongue no longer able to move as the cock swelled even larger inside his mouth as its ejaculation peaked.

"Oh, Jesus!" Seth cried as he reared up off the mattress, his trembling hands holding Gordon's mouth firmly down on his erupting cock. "Oh, oh shit! Fucking Christ! Oh fuck yeah! Ohhhh, oh fucking God! Take it! Take that hot come -- take it all -- take it right down your hot cocksucking throat, man! Drink it all! All my jism! Ohhhhhh fuck!"

Again and again the writhing, intensely excited Gordon felt the sharp, slightly salty tang of the younger boy's sperm searing his tongue as it shot into his mouth and slid down his throat! There was little he could do but swallow it all as it came, or choke on its sheer bulk! But he wanted to suck it all right down, and he let Seth hold his head down on the unloading cock until Seth's violent, delicious ejaculation had spent itself completely and he pulled his dripping organ out of Gordon's panting, slack, come-smeared lips.

"Oh, Gordon! Gordon!" Seth gasped weakly, incredulously, when at last it was over and the older boy had pulled away from him, licking his lips to clean them of Seth's slimy jism.

"You liked that, huh? You liked having a hot mouth on your big cock, sucking you off, swallowing your Goddamn come. Didn't you?"

"I never felt anything so wonderful in my whole fucking life, Gordon!"

"Now, how about me?" Gordon demanded, his hand tightening on Seth's arm to lift him up, his thighs parting to expose the thick hard-on sticking up from his hairy groin. The shaft was swollen grotesquely, the veins lining it turgid with hot blood and visibly pulsating. The smooth round head of the hard-on looked like a ripe tomato, bursting with juices, a thin trickle of jizz already oozing from the slit in the tip and dripping sluggishly down the shaft.

"We made a deal, remember?"

CHAPTER FIVE

Seth scrambled eagerly to his knees and crouched alongside his naked, well-Hung friend. Positioning himself between Gordon's widespread legs, Seth reached down and rubbed both his hands slowly and voluptuously over the warm tanned skin below him, massaging Gordon's stomach and thighs lightly before grasping his huge hard cock. The tip of his prick was flow thoroughly wet and slippery with leaked jism, proof of the football player's intense excitement.

Seth's heartbeat quickened as Gordon moaned and squirmed shamelessly and he knew he was pleasing him. Then, with one hand firmly gripping Gordon's prick around its base, holding the shaft high and steady, Seth licked his lips to wet them and slowly lowered his head.

He hesitated for no more than an instant, not worried about the implications of performing an act he had always been led to think of as wrong and shameful. Then he rubbed his wet lips all over Gordon's hard-on, pulling back again and then licking the thick cock from top to bottom. He licked faster and harder as his own excitement mounted and he lost himself in the thrilling act.

"Oh shit! Oh fucking Christ!" Gordon grunted. "That feels so fucking good, Seth!"

His strong fingers clutched Seth's hair, guided the boy's mouth away from the head of his prick and down lower on the shaft Seth still had in his fist.

"Take your hand away from it and use your mouth and tongue on the whole thing," Gordon instructed him explicitly. "Lick all of it, buddy! Please!

And my balls -- lick 'em. Ahhoo, suck 'em right inside your mouth if you want to! I love that! Please! Make all of me feel good!"

Seth was already lashing his wet tongue up and down the entire length of the throbbing prick. He pushed his face down to the hairy pouch containing

the young stud's balls and tongued them, too, then opened his mouth wide and sucked one ball inside. He used his tongue to coax the other nut between his lips and sucked on them both, bathing them in his spit. Gordon went wild with lust, his thighs pressed to either side of Seth's head and his hands clasped together behind the back of the boy's neck, urging him on.

Suddenly, his legs tensed and he groaned aloud. His hips thrust up blindly at Seth's face, brushing his wet cock hard against the boy's mouth. Gordon was too close to coming to take any more of this, exciting though it was. Seth's enthusiasm had pushed his body over the edge!

"Suck it!" Gordon grunted fiercely. "Take my cock in your mouth and suck it! I'm coming -- quick! Suck my cock!"

Seth opened his mouth wide and shoved it down recklessly on his buddy's thick, juicy cock. He was shocked by how much of it there seemed to be as it filled the whole interior of his yawning mouth!

"Oh God!" Gordon moaned desperately. "Fuck yeah! That feels so wild -- so hot! You little cock-sucker! Oh, it feels so fucking good to have your mouth on it like that!"

His hips shot up again, driving still more of his cockmeat into Seth's mouth. His cock pumped frantically in and out of the boy's slurping lips, his gurgling mouth, his willing throat.

"I'm there, I'm going to shoot," Gordon warned. "Any second now! I'm going to come, you cock-sucker! I'm going to come in your mouth --

aaarghh yeahhh!"

His cock was already unloading, a flood of hot salty jism seeming to fill all of Seth's mouth and throat. Seth twisted his head around a little, so that, still sucking nonstop, he could look Gordon in the eyes as the stud football star shot off down his throat. His expression, the sudden frenzied activity of his lips and tongue and throat, his groans of passion, all told Gordon more eloquently than spoken words.

He kept his arms wrapped around Gordon's thighs for some time after Gordon had stopped coming in his mouth. When it was all over he began to worry about what Gordon would say now that he was satisfied, what he might think. Would he compare Seth to Arnold Thayer?

Spread rumors and dirty storks about him around school?

But his fears proved to be groundless. As soon as Gordon's husky, sweaty body had finished his last convulsions of pleasure and he got his breath back, his hands reached down and lifted Seth up easily by the armpits, stretching Seth out flat on top of his chest. His mouth kissed the boy's mouth long and hard and lustfully, his tongue penetrating Seth's lips, each boy tasting his own jizz in the other's mouth. "You know what they call that, when you kiss the other guy with your tongue and taste the come?" Gordon laughed. "A snowball kiss!"

Seth was relieved by Gordon's casual attitude. "I'm glad you did that for me, Seth. I'm really glad we did it to each other. I was horny and needed a blow-job real bad, but I was afraid to ask you because I didn't know what the fuck you might think! It's no big deal, though, is it? I mean, helping a buddy out like that every now and then isn't the same as being a queer like Arnold Thayer, is it?"

Seth shook his head no. Of course he didn't want to be like Arnold, effeminate and creepy, the butt of constant jokes. But he did want to suck off Gordon again! He never wanted the morning to come -- he just wanted to lie there naked in his strong, handsome idol's arms forever.

The sex had really been over much too quickly. It didn't seem fair that something so wonderfully satisfying could be so short-lived. As Seth pressed his cheek against Gordon's warm, sweaty chest, he was already plotting how he could lure Gordon into his bed again.

Inevitably, Gordon's homeliness got the better of him, and on several memorable occasions, he eagerly turned to Seth for sex -- always mutual masturbation followed by fellatio, and always almost unbearably exciting for Seth. He nearly went out of his mind in the intervals between their

sexual encounters, though, seeing Gordon at school talking to his buddies, wondering which of them Gordon was fooling around with at night.

When Gordon went off to college, Seth's agony lessened somewhat. He still thought about his friend, the boy who had introduced him to gay sex, but without Gordon's actual physical presence it was easier. He vowed never to get involved in homosexual activities again. He'd just gone through a phase of some sort with Gordon and he really didn't want anything like that to happen again to complicate his life.

CHAPTER SIX

The next two days and nights were miserable for Jack. Seth seemed to be avoiding him and Jack couldn't quite work up enough nerve to initiate a confrontation. He was as hot for his stud roommate as ever and wildly frustrated by the fact that Seth now seemed unavailable to him.

Things finally came to a head that Friday night. Jack didn't have a date, of course, and he was very horny. He hadn't masturbated since having been with Seth because he hoped there'd be a repeat performance if only he was patient in his cock and balls wee rapidly intolerable level. He had to have relief -- and fast.

Jack considered jerking off all by himself but rejected the notion, hoping he could still talk Seth into getting it on with him again. He finally decided to try to get his mind off sex by walking into town to catch a movie after dinner. He could always masturbate later that evening, if worse came to worse!

Once downtown, Jack headed toward the rundown business district, hoping that the bright lights and crowds of people might snap him out of his depression.

After half an hour of rather aimless walking he found himself in front of one of the town's two movie theaters -- and the less respectable one. He was still thinking about Seth, about the hot sex they had and how much he wanted to be with him again. The show was just letting out, a sparse crowd of mostly middle-aged men darting quickly away. Glancing up, Jack saw the title of the porno film that was being shown and laughed to himself.

He stopped half-way down the block from the movie house to look at a display of stereo equipment in a store window. He wasn't even aware that a man had come up to him until he spoke.

"You got a light?"

Startled, Jack jumped in surprise. The guy was about forty, he guessed, well dressed, but with a shifty, nervous look about him. He smiled hopefully, his eyes darting restlessly back and forth from the ground to Jack's face, as though he was afraid to meet the boy's gaze directly.

"No, sorry. I don't smoke," he lied.

The man didn't seem surprised or disappointed -- and he didn't move away.

Jack turned away from him and in the reflection of the plate glass window he saw the man staring at him boldly, lustfully! Christ, he's a cocksucker! Jack thought, with a weird mixture of revulsion and excitement.

He wants to lick me up... and blow me!

"Hot night, isn't it?" the guy asked inanely, moving closer to Jack.

Jack glanced at him sharply and saw that same hopeful, hungry, longing look. Now the college student was certain the man was looking admiringly at his groin, at the huge hard-on throbbing away so insistently in his jeans. "Yeah," Jack muttered.

He started to walk away, but the guy followed him.

"Were you just in the movie?" the man asked.

"No."

Jack walked faster, his heart pounding in his chest. His prick was pulsing madly in his too tight jeans.

"You ought to go see that fuck film," his admirer said heatedly. "It's one hell of a hot movie! I never saw anything like it! Hell, they do everything up there on that screen! Fuck, suck -- the works, kid, the works!"

Jack shot him a hard, tough look that he assumed would discourage the guy.

"Yeah? So what?"

The man seemed startled by the retort for a moment, then quickly regained his composure.

"Don't you like sex? I'll bet you do! A good-looking young kid like you, I bet you like it a lot, huh?" His tongue ran quickly over his lower lip.

"So do I! I like to do it even more than watch it, though! PU bet you're the same way, huh? Do you like to do it? Listen, I've got my car parked right don there, in that alley. You want to go back there with me for a couple minutes?"

Jack couldn't reply; his throat felt parched, his breath catching in his throat as he gaped incredulously at the stranger who was propositioning him so brazenly. Desperate lust for his body and cock were written all over his face and audible in his low, insinuating voice.

"You like to have your cock sucked?" the man demanded bluntly, eagerly.

"I'll do it for you, kid. I'll suck you dry! You'll love it -- I've been told I've got the hottest mouth in town! That movie got me so hot I'm dying to have a big cock in my mouth! What do you say? Will you let me suck you off? Let me have your come?"

He took a step closer to Jack, almost touching his crotch with one shaking, outstretched hand.

"I'll make it worth your while, stud," he moaned, his breath hot and moist against Jack's face. "I'll pay you! How about it? Will you let me blow you if I pay you for it? Twenty bucks? Isn't it worth twenty bucks to you to let me blow you? I'll give you a good hot job, I swear to God!

What do you say? Want to make yourself same quick money and get your rocks off at the same time?"

As though in a daze, Jack allowed the guy to lead him down the street, into a dark alley, to his car -- a late-model sedan. Nervously, Jack climbed into the front passenger seat. The other man had his jeans unbuttoned and his fly yanked down before he was all the way inside the car! As Jack gasped and

squirmed in the seat, the guy who'd picked him up reached eagerly between his widespread legs and touched his turgid flesh, cupping his balls and the heavy shaft of his cock in his sweaty palm.

"God, it's so big, so beautiful!" he moaned. His head dropped instantly.

His warm, wet lips wrapped themselves greedily around the thick cock, taking all of it into his mouth. His fingers groped at the hairy sac of balls beneath the cock as he sucked it, working the nuts gently and slowly up to his mouth. His tongue went wild the instant it touched Jack's balls! He licked at them furiously, pushing them from side to side, washing them with his spit and juggling them up and down with his remarkably agile tongue.

In just a few minutes, Jack's cock had swollen so hard the guy was choking on its bulk. He had to let the boy's balls slip from his mouth.

He sucked on the turgid prick for a few moments longer, then pulled his mouth up.

"Why'd you stop?" Jack groaned. "You brought me here to suck my cock, so suck it, Goddamn you! Suck my cock!"

"Wait a minute!"

His pickup turned and opened the glove compartment. He pulled out a flashlight and switched it on. The bright beam of light glared down on Jack's exposed and saliva-slick prick.

"What the hell's that for?"

"Hold it in your hand! Shine it down there while I suck you! I want to see your cock going in and out of my mouth!"

Jack shook his head in disbelief, but did as the man asked. He aimed the light low, shielding it with his other hand so it couldn't be seen from the street. It created a pool of light on his crotch bright enough to throw the blow job into shocking, lurid relief as he looked down and watched the man

grab his cock again, holding it at the base with his thumb and forefinger. His tongue slid out of his mouth with slow, lascivious ease and licked Jack's glistening cockhead. Then it rubbed its wet way up and down his prickshaft until the young football player's prick was painfully hard and throbbing with a frantic need to be sucked!

"Suck it!" Jack grunted angrily.

He pushed down on the man's head and his cockmeat slipped easily in to the guy's mouth. It closed his eyes and leaned his head back against the seat. He exulted in the erotic thrills shooting through his flesh as the cocksuckers lips and tongue moved on his prick in steady, slippery strokes. He gasped with delight as that hot tongue worked on him, licking and stroking big every inch of his cock. He pulled it deep into the man's throat and then slipped off it until the man held just the head between his lips and lashed at it mercilessly with the flat of his tongue. He dug the tip of that limber piece of flesh directly into Jack's dribbling piss slit.

Jack felt the bastard's hands moving between his legs, cupping his balls and juggling them as he sucked. His fingers tickled their way through the thick patch of hair at the base of Jack's prick, pinching the boy's belly and then sliding up in under his sweatshirt to squeeze and pinch the huge nipples on his solidly muscled pecs. His hot, wet mouth pumped faster and faster. His tongue stroked the throbbing flesh like a metronome counting off the seconds until Jack showered him with hot cum.

"Yeah!" Jack groaned, clamping his hands behind the guy's head and forcing him farther down, driving nearly all of his grotesquely hardened cock into the man's mouth and throat. "Suck it! Suck it! Suck it!"

He felt the jizz gathering inside him, his loins tensing, his scrotum swelling, as each wet thrust of the man's mouth brought him closer to climax. The feeling of being sucked so well, so enthusiastically, was so good that he wanted to prolong it, to enjoy it to the fullest possible extent. But that was impossible. The cocksuckers tongue was licking him top intensely, forcing his cock to give up its rich fuck-juice. He had, to come, and come hard!

His hips lifted from the seat and he pressed the guy's head all the way down, ramming every potent inch of his rampant prick deep into the man's throat.

"Oh, Christ?" he cried. "Fuck! Fuck! I'm coming! Suck my Goddamn come down your throat, cock-sucker! Take it, I'm coming! God!"

His cock burst hard inside the guy's mouth. He felt the first hot load of his jism shoot free, then another wad, and another, and another. The more Jack came, the more jizz the head of his pulsating prick unloaded, the more the older man loved it and the faster his tongue and throat worked to swallow the thick creamy fluid. Jism had been shot, his mouth stayed on him. His tongue continued cock, trying on his cock stilt from it.

Finally Jack fucked off the forced him to lift up his head. He moaned with please me and reached for Jack's head to try to kiss him. But the boy pushed him roughly away and opened the car door. "Wait!" the man gasped.

He pushed some money into Jack's hand. Jack, who had forgotten all about being paid for his cock, took the bills automatically as, blushing, he quickly got out of the car and walked away. Before he shoved the money into his pocket, he automatically glanced at it and saw that he'd been given a twenty and a ten.

He felt oddly guilty about having taken money in exchange for sex -- he didn't want to be a cheap hustler -- as, just as inexplicably, he still felt horny. He decided to upend the thirty bucks right away and immediately had an inspiration. There was a porno bookstore near the movie theater and Jack decided to buy a fuck magazines. It would be a poor substitute for real sex with Seth or some other, equally attractive, guy, but it would be better than nothing.

The storefront's windows were discreetly boarded up, but there was a row of flashing red light bulbs over the door. Jack hesitated for a moment, then, telling himself he looked big and mature for his age, he went in.

The interior was garishly lit, with rows and rows of paperback books and magazines, long tables strewn with more of the same glass cases displaying

films, dildos, and sex toys. Jack was so engrossed by the spectacle of so much raw sex on open display that he didn't notice the clerk on duty until he spoke.

"Can I help you, man? You looking for anything in particular?"

Jack turned and looked at him. He had assumed that the cash register in a dirty bookstore would be manned by a dirty old man, if not by some outright degenerate. But the young man who had addressed him was certainly clean, literally looked well-scrubbed. He had on tight, faded jeans with a huge hole in one leg, through which his bare knee gaped, and a shirt with epaulets, open nearly to the waist to expose a tanned, hairy chest. His face was broad and pleasant, with full lips and a straight nose, and he had sexy blue eyes.

He pushed big wire-rimmed glasses up into his thick black hair as he looked at Jack, shoving aside the book he'd been reading. Jack stole a quick glance at the book. It was a chemistry text, and he realized with as light shock that the clerk must be a fellow college student.

"You looking for anything special?" he repeated, smiling at Jack warmly.

"We've got some hot hard-core magazines under the counter. We don't like to keep the really wild stuff on display, in case the cops come in and hassle us."

"You got any Danish porn?" Jack asked bluntly.

"Gay, straight, or lesbo?" the clerk asked, spreading his muscular legs to ease the pressure of his hardening cock against his pants.

"Gay," Jack admitted, blushing hotly.

The clerk didn't seem to consider his request at all out of the ordinary.

He reached under the counter and pulled out a stack of magazines, each sealed in a cellophane wrapper, and spread a few of them out on the counter as Jack eagerly stepped closer to examine them. He was glad there were

only a couple of other customers in the store, as he gaped at the cover of one magazine, which showed two guys, one fist fucking the other, his greased hand and forearm buried almost as far as the elbow! The recipient was masturbating, the look on his handsome face a strange blend of agony and ecstasy as his prick sprayed its thick white jism all over both men's nude, shuddering bodies.

"We got magazines with water sports, too," the handsome clerk said casually, showing Jack one. "You into piss at all?"

Jack merely grunted, non-committally, as he examined an equally lurid cover. One man was on his hands and knees with his mouth open while a second guy was fucking him from behind like a dog. A third stud was aiming his prick at both men's faces and actually shooting his piss into their mouths!

"They're both pretty hot," the clerk assured him.

"I'll take them," Jack muttered. "Don't you have any that, uh, show normal sex?"

"Between guys? Sure."

The clerk offered Jack four or five magazines. Jack leafed through the stack quickly, hesitating when he saw one titled "Football Fuckers". The cover featured two extraordinarily handsome and well-built young men, naked except for tight white football pants, with shoulder pads on their bare torsos necking as they groped each other through the sheer and practically transparent pants seemed too good to pass up, so Jack bought it and the two more lurid maps, relieved when the clerk sealed them in a plain brown paper bag.

He now felt comfortable enough in his sleazy surroundings to return the clerk's knowing grin as he left the store. God, I wonder if he's gay!

Jack speculated excitedly, clutching his lewd purchase to his chest with one brawny arm, his cock already hot and throbbing with anticipation in his jeans. I wonder if I could make it with him, if I went back there and played my cards right!

He was instinctively walking back in the direction he'd come, toward the college. Ahead of him, a car moved slowly along the street with its headlights on low in the dusk. It passed him, but then the driver braked it to a halt and leaned his head out the window.

"Hey!" he called. "Need a ride?"

Jack looted at him, relieved that it wasn't the older man who'd sucked him off earlier, but some young guy, only a few years his senior, a good-looking stud with a thick walrus mustache and long, shaggy reddish-brown hair. "Yeah, sure. Only I'm going back to the campus," Jack replied cautiously because this guy didn't look like a student.

"That's okay, I can drop you off there. Hop in."

"All right. Thanks!"

CHAPTER SEVEN

Jack climbed into the passenger side of the front seat, the driver reaching over to unlock the door for him, and settled back, the porno package in his lap concealing his semi-erection. As they pulled away from the curb, he furtively studied the guy who'd picked him up. His recent sexual experiences had made him hyperaware of other males -- their bodies, their faces, their degree of attractiveness. He noticed immediately that this number was wearing the tightest pants Jack had ever seen. The taut stretched, worn denim fabric followed every contour of his big, heavily muscled body. The outline of a large but presently soft cock showed quite plainly through the straining crotch of the jeans.

"Want to go smoke some pot?"

Jack had been staring at the guy's big basket so intently that only the deep sound of his voice jolted him back to reality. Jack's staring had hardly escaped the young man's attention and he suppressed a self-satisfied, knowing smile as he drove slowly through the town.

"I've got some good grass with me," he added, not taking his eyes off the traffic as he casually placed one hand into his left front pocket and began lightly rubbing the thick outline of his prick through his jeans with his fingertips.

"I, uhh, don't know," Jack stalled, gaping open-mouthed at the guy's rapidly expanding bulge. Jack was almost sure the guy was offering him a lot more than just a smoke.

"It's dynamite shit," the driver said calmly.

"Okay." Jack wet his lips, agitated, but suddenly wanting to find out what would happen if he went along with it.

"Good. I saw you coming out of that fuck book store," the driver laughed softly. "What'd you get? Anything good?"

Jack's hands pressed the incriminating package more tightly against his crotch. "Just some fuck magazines," he said nervously. "Where are we going?"

"Oh, I don't know... we'll just find some spot where there won't be any people -- namely cops around. This is a pretty uptight, hick town, as I'm sure you've noticed by now." The young man laughed. "By the way, my name's Brian."

"Jack," the football player replied.

During the short trip through some side streets, Brian seemed very relaxed, chatting with Jack about sports, what courses he was taking at school, his own job as a welder. That only confused Jack, who was still naive enough to assume that a stud who had so masculine a profession could hardly be homosexual.

Jack wished he could be as relaxed and at his ease as Brian seemed to be.

But as Brian swung off a street and ran the car behind a dark warehouse, his nervousness mounted.

"What's the matter, Jack? Haven't you ever done this before?" Brian asked, shutting off the engine.

"Done what? Smoked pot? Of course I have," Jack replied, more disappointed than relieved to see Brian produce a hand-rolled cigarette from a little nickel-plated case he took from his shirt pocket and light it up.

"No, gone with a guy who wants to give you a blow-job," Brian said matter-of-factly.

Jack almost gagged on the mouthful of smoke he'd inhaled. "Is that what you really picked me up for?" he asked.

Brian took the joint back and sucked on it before answering. "Come on, man! We both knew what we wanted from the minute you got in the fucking car. I saw the way you kept looking down at my cock... I got to

admit, I checked out yours, too, even before I offered you the ride!" He laughed.

"You look like you've got a big piece of meat and I want to suck it, Jack."

"Do you do this sort of thing a lot?"

"Sure, every chance I get," Brian admitted, shocking Jack by his casual, open, attitude. "That fucking college you go to is a gold mine for the faggots in this town, if you don't mind my saying so. All you guys who go there are fucking horny, you're not the first kid from there I've sucked off. Don't worry, I understand you may not be gay, or bi. Just horny.

Well, if you are I've got a sure cure for it buddy." He took another drag on the joint and passed it to Jack. "Jesus, this grass is good! I'm already getting a buzz. Do you want to take your prick out and let me have it now?"

Talking to Brian during the short drive here, Jack had developed an instinctive liking for the guy. Brian was every bit as masculine as Seth or the bookstore clerk or the other guys Jack found himself sexually attracted to. They were not at all what Jack had always pictured homosexual men as being. As he hesitated, taking an automatic puff on the joint and feel big himself getting high already, he felt Brian squeezing his knee gently, sliding across the seat closer to him and looking him in the eyes, smiling suggestively.

"Do you really want to blow me?" Jack asked slowly.

"Yeah," Brian replied eagerly, fondling his crotch.

Jack sat there quietly for a moment. As Brian's big, warm hand moved higher up his leg he thought about his experiences with David and Seth, shout how thrilling they had been and how much, he longed to repeat them.

"Okay," he gasped. "I want to suck yours, too! Let's do it! Let's suck each other, man!"

"Let's get out of the car where we'll have more room," Brian urged.

He quickly opened the door and stepped out of the vehicle. Jack slid over on the seat and sat on its edge, with his feet on the ground. Brian was standing facing him, his crotch only a few inches from Jack's face. Jack stared at it, then leaned forward and placed his mouth over the outline of Brian's cock through his jeans, making the big man grunt in surprise.

He hadn't expected such eager, whorish behavior from his humpy young pickup. The fiery warmth of Jack's mouth sent shivers of excitement through Brian's body. Jack was going crazy, licking, sucking, and gently biting his strongly pulsating prick through the denim!

"Let me suck you off first!" Jack heard himself begging.

"You don't have to, man."

"I want to! I want your cock in my mouth! Take it out, Brian. I really want to swing on it," Jack panted, looking up into the older stud's eyes.

"I need a cock in my mouth tonight! Please give it to me! Please let me suck you!"

Brian's only response was to unzip his jeans and pull his long, thick cock out of its snug resting place.

Shit, what a huge piece of meat! Jack thought wildly, staring at the prick in front of his face. It's got to be bigger than Seth's and mine put together! This mother's really hung! I wonder if I can really get it all in my mouth! Brian unbuttoned his skin pants at the waist and shoved them down to his knees. His cock -- incredibly huge in the twilight --

stood rigidly erect, its thick, uncircumcised head pointed directly at Jack's lips. Jack gazed at it, stunned, hotly turned on, and then began recklessly thrusting his mouth forward, taking as much of the cock as he could cram inside his hungry, horny mouth. His mouth felt hot around it, like the blast from a furnace, as he licked the sensitive flesh of Brian's cock and rubbed his lips frantically back and forth on its swollen prickshaft, sucking desperately, moans of raw lust escaping from his plugged mouth, his own cock throbbing hotly inside his jeans as he writhed on the car seat.

Brian gasped. He could tell that this kid wasn't too experienced as a cock-sucker, but Jack's mouth on his prick felt so good it was almost painful. The boy took more and more of the long, thick, pulsing cockrod into his mouth, licking it hard and fast with his tongue, going round and round the entire gigantic thickness of the cockhead.

"Oh, shit, kid!" Brian yelled as his prick disappeared halfway inside Jack's mouth, the head beginning to slide down into the student's hot, moist, hard-sucking throat. "Suck me! Fuck your face and throat on that big prick of mine!"

As Jack continued blowing Brian, he unfastened his own bursting jeans and freed his own hard-on. Brian immediately groped down, took a firm hold around the base of Jack's cock, and wrapped three fingers of his big, work hardened hand around Jack's balls. His other hand disappeared from Jack's view and a moment later the boy felt the sweaty palm close over the jism-dripping head of his prick and grasp it in a slow, caressing, rotating motion. Brian began to jerk Jack off as Jack sucked his horse cock.

"Let's make it last for a long time, man," Brian urged him hotly, gasping for breath. "You lay an your back for a minute!"

Without asking his humpy trick exactly what he had in mind, Jack reluctantly pulled his wet, glistening lips off the studs prickmeat and stretched out on his back on the front of the car. His legs were spread wide apart, his prick jutting straight up at the roof. Brian was quick to follow him, climbing back into the car and crawling in between the boys'

thighs and taking all of the prick into his mouth.

His mustache brushed against Jack's cock hair as he sucked the boy so expertly, so lovingly, that Jack had to fight to keep from exploding in orgasm instantly as he realized just how much he had to learn about the fine art of giving another guy head!

"Brian, bring your cock up by my face so I can watch you beat off while you blow me," Jack dared to request.

Grunting assent, Brian swung his powerfully built body up and around, never taking his mouth off Jack's cock for so much as a second, so that his lop wore straddling Jack's chest. His cock, still wet with Jack's saliva, hung straight down, rock-hard, just inches above Jack's flushed, excited face. God, it was huge!

"Yeah! Yeah! Jesus, man, what a fucking hunk of stud meat you've got down there between your legs! Now stroke it, man. Jerk it and suck me off at the same time!" Jack said loudly in a frenziedly excited voice.

As he grasped the base of Jack's cock and his balls with his left hand to steady it as he fed upon it with his mouth, Brian reached downward with his right hand and began slowly, teasingly pumping the entire length of his thick, uncut cock. He knew that Jack's eyes were glued to it, to the bloated shaft, to the fat, round cockhead, the swollen, visibly agitated bulk of the erection. The bull-like balls dangled below it as Brian's slowly moving fist worked his foreskin up and down, first covering, then baring the head of his immense, virile cock.

Jack had never seen anything so erotically thrilling! He'd thought the photos in the fuck magazines were hot, but they paled in comparison to seeing a flesh-and-blood prick of such monstrous size and potency being masturbated right in front of his face! And all the while, Brian's mouth and tongue were eagerly working on his own cock. It was feverishly arousing. He writhed, helpless, wild with lust, beneath the older guy's muscular body, completely carried away by the raw sex urges being whipped into a frenzy inside him.

Brian was gradually, skillfully, taking more and more of Jack's cock into his mouth and down his throat. As he sucked it, he lowered his body so that the head of his prick could touch Jack's lip depositing its oozing jism onto from Brian's piss slit, then opened his lips wide, only to close them again around the rigid cock, pushing his mouth down Jack's bulk until he met Brian's masturbating fist.

He struggled hard to take in ten inches of Brian's cock down his throat, but had to admit defeat a couple of inches short of that goal. He began licking Brian's prickmeat as he slowly twisted his back and withdrew part of the

cockshaft from his mouth so that he could breathe. But he stretched his lips as tightly as possible to bring out all the sensitive feelings in the other guy's cock as he sucked it.

Brian didn't seem to mind his inexperience. He went wild on top of Jack, bucking and tossing and humping as he sucked and got sucked simultaneously. He kept his fist going up and down around the base of his horny stud's prick, beating it so roughly that his hand struck and bruised Jack's lips.

The boy finally pulled his mouth off the cock again, panting for breath.

All Jack could think of that moment was the hot, electric feeling that Brian's mouth was sending through his cock and the huge, heavy ramrod that the guy was squeezing and stroking and pounding so vigorously right in front of his eyes.

Brian was jacking himself off frenziedly now, too turned on to care whether Jack blew him or not. His fast-flying fist frequently banged against Jack's face in its eagerness to force the come right out of his overloaded halls. His mouth was now pumping up and down on Jack's luscious young prick like a machine thrown into high gear. His tongue continued to lick the head of Jack's cock as it went in and out of his yawning mouth, just before it was driven deep into his hot wet throat and, sucked.

"Jack off, you stud cock-sucker. I want to see you come!" Jack yelled as he felt the man's expert sucking having its inevitable effect on his pulsating prick.

Brian, for his part, could feel the boy's swollen balls contracting in his left hand and he knew that he would soon be drinking the jock's rich creamy come. He started sucking with the speed and eagerness of a wild man, also increasing the fury with which he was pounding his own ready-to-erupt cock.

"Suck it, man! Eat it, you cock-sucker!"

Jack screamed as he felt his balls beginning to pump their unbearably hot liquid up into his cockshaft. "Brian, I'm going to fucking shoot! You're going to get a mouthful, man! Put it down your throat fucker, drink every drop of it!"

Brian's breathing around Jack's cock began to get so loud and laborious-sounding that the college stud started to wonder if the guy was all right. He looked up and saw Brian's twitching cockhead, flushed a very dark reddish-purple color, beginning to quiver as its tiny lips parted and a thick drop of jism appeared between them.

"Oh, shit!" Jack groaned as he saw Brian's cock explode in a tremendous, seemingly never-ending stream of thick come.

He felt the first bursts of the hot, slippery fluid strike his face and without even thinking about it, Jack instinctively opened his mouth greedily and wrapped it around the head of the exploding cock. He sucked down the hot torrent of white stud-come that was being spurted so generously down his throat and Jack grunted with pleasure.

He then felt his own cock exploding with the heat and power of an atomic bomb. It blasted its horny load deep into Brian's devouring throat and it seemed to Jack that they were never going to stop coving together in their sixty-nine. They swallowed each other's jism so long he thought he was never going to run dry. His jizz filled the other man's hot, wet throat as his prick continued to pump spurt after hot, searing spurt of it into the gay studs mouth.

Jack lay on his back with his mouth wide open after it was over, trying to catch the last few drops of sticky, sweet-tasting fluid that dripped sluggishly from Brian's piss slit.

Both young men remained motionless in their sixty-nine position for several minutes, with Brian's thighs straddling Jack's face and his now spent cock lying across the boy's panting lips. Jack licked it with a tired but still quite willing tongue. Finally, Brian removed his own mouth from Jack's prick, swung his body around, and got out of the car to pull up and fasten his pants.

"Jesus, that was some load you gave me," he laughed, getting back behind the wheel.

Somewhat disoriented, Jack sat up next to him, reaching over to stroke the boy's exposed thigh.

"But we'd better get the fuck out of here now," Brian said. "We made enough noise while we were coming to wake the whole town."

He started the car and was halfway down street even before Jack could begin pulling up his jeans and stuffing his drained cock back inside them. Brian left his free hand intimately on Jack's thigh during the drive to campus, and they were indiscreet enough to light up and share another joint on the way. By the time Brian pulled up in front of the dormitory to let Jack out, the pass receiver was pleasantly stoned.

"I really liked sucking you off, Jack," Brian said wistfully. "I hope we can get together again."

"I hope so, too," Jack replied eagerly. "Why don't you give me your phone number or something?"

Brian wrote it down on a slip of paper, which Jack stuffed into the pocket of his tight jeans as he got out of the car. They exchanged reluctant good-byes.

"Next time, I'll pick you up here and we can go to my place," Brian suggested. "We can get high together and do it right, in bed... do...

there're a lot of things I'd like to do with you, man."

"Me, too," Jack groaned lustfully, as, clutching the brown paper bag containing the sex magazines, he staggered toward his dormitory building in the darkness.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Jack made use of the phone number Brian had given him a lot sooner than he'd anticipated in fact, the very next afternoon. When he finally got around to unwrapping and examining his purchases, Jack was more aroused than shocked by the lurid fist-fucking and water sports photos. The magazine showing two football players fucking, sucking and rimming each in every conceivable position really got his libido going. He was tempted to jerk off, but restrained himself, deciding to try Brian's number first. Brian's deep, butch voice answered on the fourth ring.

"Oh, Jack!" he laughed after Jack identified himself. "Howl sit hanging, buddy? You getting any action from all those other horny fuckers at school?"

"No," Jack admitted. "That's why I called -- you said I should. I was sort of hoping I could get some from you. I want to see you again."

"Sure, man," Brian said enthusiastically, to Jack's relief and excitement. "Tonight's a little awkward, though. I've got an old friend visiting me from out of ton."

"Oh. Well, maybe some other time," Jack said, with a sinking feeling of disappointment, knowing he'd have to masturbate himself to exhaustion over those new fuck magazines that night after all! "This guy... is he your lover?"

"Hell, no!" Brian laughed. "Just a fuck buddy... hey, I've got an idea.

Why don't we just make it a threesome? You'll like Michael, he's really hot. And I know he'll want to have sex with you! You like threesomes, don't you?"

"Sure," Jack replied automatically, not wanting Brian to think he was so inexperienced and unworldly that he'd never been in a threesome.

Jack wasn't sure exactly what Brian had in mind for the evening, but whatever he was planning, Jack was horny enough, hot enough for Brian's body, to be willing to give just about anything as try.

"Good? Plan on spending the night with us then. I'll pick you up at eight and we'll go out for dinner first. We're going to have ourselves a ball, my friend!"

I hope so Jack thought as he said goodbye and hung up.

He all but leaped into the back seat of Brian's car when the two guys picked him up in front of the dorm that night. As Brian drove off, Jack examined the second man in the front seat. Michael was dark-haired, slightly smaller than Brian, but still larger and more power fully-built than Jack. He was just as handsome as Brian, though, and seemed entirely masculine.

He turned around and shook the football player's hand, gripping it tightly for a few seconds before letting go, keeping his warm eyes fixed Jack's. As he made the introductions, Brian smiled at his fuck buddy rather tenderly and took one hand off the steering wheel to grope him --

which made Michael purred like a big, well-stroked kitten.

"I like my men big," Brian joked, "as you've probably noticed, Jack.

That's why I picked you up last night. Jack plays football at the school, Michael."

"I've heard a lot about you, Jack," Michael said suggestively. "It was all this horny bastard could talk about this morning! And you're everything Brian said you were! Maybe even hotter."

Jack blushed at the compliment and the sexy tone of voice used to deliver it. He was glad he was making such a favorable impression. Michael was a hot number, all right, and Jack was beginning to suspect that, this experience might be even more wildly satisfying than he had anticipated.

Two studs for the price of one!

They had dinner at a restaurant, coming across to the other diners as just three butch numbers out on the town, laughing and joking as they pigged out and swilled down beer. The two older and more experienced gay men treated Jack as an equal, as though he knew as much about gay sex, gay life, as they did. The boy was grateful for their acceptance as he relaxed and enjoyed the mood of growing intimacy and [missing text].

They shared a joint during the drive to Brian's apartment. Michael led Jack through the place, showing around, while Jack kept watching the cheeks of the older man's ass moving enticingly against the thin material of his tight white slacks. Jack suspected that Michael wasn't wearing any underwear. He hoped he'd be able to fuck Michael, or Brian, or both of them, up the ass before the night was over. Michael finally took him into Brian's bedroom and Jack gasped as he saw the monstrous size of the bed.

"It's a custom-built water bed," Michael explained with a laugh. "Perfect for orgies! Ever try one?"

He pushed down on the undulating mattress to demonstrate it as he gazed into Jack's eyes. Then he sat down on the edge of the bed and held out his hand to the boy, urging him to join him. Jack sat down gingerly beside him and Michael suddenly shoved him down until he was lying on his back with his legs dangling over the side of the bed. The mattress rippled wildly underneath their weight as Michael's mouth found Jack's and began kissing him passionately. His left hand cupped the bulge in the boy's crotch and applied a firm pressure, making Jack groan as his prick hardened still more. The groping hand then slid up the boy's stomach and onto his chest, beginning to explore beneath his partially unbuttoned shirt, opening it a few more inches until the fingers located Jack's big nipples and began to tug at them gently. Instantly, both tits stiffened, and Jack began to feel awfully horny.

They were still locked in a wet, hungry kiss, Michael's agile tongue darting in and out of Jack's moaning mouth furiously. The boy was so excited he felt dizzy, as though the waterbed were revolving under him.

Michael finally pulled his lips away and grinned broadly. "You're going to look good on this bed -- naked -- with that big hard-on you've got down

there, baby!" He pulled his hand out from inside Jack's shirt and sat up. "Let's get undressed, okay?"

"Yeah," Jack panted, not caring whether either or both men raped him or what the hell they did to him as long as Michael fucked him now.

If this was any reliable indication, he was going to be taught more about man-to-man sex in one night than most guys learn in a lifetime.

As he stripped off his shirt, Jack remained on the bed, breathing hard and openly admiring the old man's good looks as Michael unzipped his slacks and pushed them down, his huge cock jutting out obscenely from his groin under the front tail of his shirt.

Brian came into the bedroom with a fresh towel and a tube of lubricant.

"Well, I see you two are already at it." He kissed Michael on the mouth tenderly, without the fierce desire Michael had just shown for Jack. "So

-- what do you want to do first, Jack?"

"I don't know. I'm still pretty new to all this," Jack muttered.

Brian reached down and groped his crotch and ass. "You'll learn fast.

You've got two of the best teachers there are!"

He squeezed Jack's balls through his jeans with one hand, an ass cheek with the other. Jack squirmed on the bed, which rippled beneath him like a boat on rough water.

"Let's fuck, guys!" Brian groaned, losing no time in getting down to business.

He pushed Jack down on the bed and encircled him with his strong arms, kissing him rather hard and aggressively, which Jack liked. He stripped Jack's open shirt off him, his fingers playing across the boy's chest and belly, coming to rest on his stiff tits.

Jack moaned into the man's moist mouth softly as they kissed with extended tongues. The expert fingers worked his nipples up into miniature hard-on's, and then Brian buried his mouth over one of the solid cones, Jack threw his head back against the mattress and closed his eyes as Brian sucked eagerly on his nipples. Jack's hand crept down and found the bulging erection that was pushing against Brian's fly. He remembered the sight and feel and taste of that stud prick when they'd made it in the car, and suddenly he couldn't get Brian's zipper down and his hand inside fast enough!

His cock throbbed from Brian's attack on his tits, which only stopped because the other guy was taking the rest of his clothes off, then shedding his own. Michael was already naked and joined them on the bed.

Both men reached for Jack's ass simultaneously and they all laughed breathlessly at this display of single-mindedness.

But then Jack thrilled to the knowledge that he was naked and aroused, lying between two naked and aroused men, who were already caressing him all over, their hands warm and soothing, yet exciting, on his skin. He shuddered with pleasure as he writhed against their naked bodies. Brian slid a little closer and pressed his hard cock up between the cheeks of the boy's ass looked down at it, then up at Michael, questioningly.

Michael simply grinned and shrugged his broad shoulders. The possibility of an inexperienced kid like Jack being able to take all of the big man's cock up his ass on the first try seemed doubtful at best, but, knowing his fuck buddy's sexual tastes and his own, Michael was willing to give it a try.

Jack moaned as Michael's warm, wet mouth closed eagerly over his aching prick and began to suck on it. Brian moved to straddle the boy's face and just knelt over him, staring down lustfully into his eyes. Jack reached up and wrapped a trembling hand around the man's gigantic cock, exulting the feel often in his fist, in the weight of the big round balls beneath the shaft that pulsed with such potent life against his sweaty.

"Try getting your mouth all the way down on it, buddy," Brian said, his voice husky with desire she looked down at the say young jock below him, fondling his meat.

Jack raised his head and opened his mouth as wide as he could get it, groaning as his lips made their first contact with the turgid cock. He forced his mouth open until his jaws ached and he managed to fit all of Brian's cockhead and half his prickshaft inside. He licked it eagerly, hoping that he'd be able to go down on it completely tonight. But it was a struggle to get even another inch of the cockshaft inside his lips.

Brian's prick was just too big.

Brian's eyes had closed and he grunted and hissed with pleasure, though, just at this much pressure from Jack's mouth. He let Jack suck him for a few minutes, then gently pulled his prick out of the boy's mouth and moved from above his face with a determined look on his own rugged features.

"You'd better fuck him first, man," Brian told Michael, who was feeding greedily and effortlessly on Jack's cock. "Then I'll give it a try after you've loosened up that butch ass of his a little!"

Jack felt his legs being raised into the air and he tensed as Michael's hands reached under his ass and held him in this position. A warm, wet tongue washed up and down his ass crack gently and then pressed in deeper, finally tickling his asshole itself. The tongue pushed and probed at Jack's puckered opening, making him relax a little, the marijuana he'd smoked helping to calm bit fears at the prospect of being fucked by such a big cock.

The slick, wet warmth felt good against his ass as Michael rimmed him, beginning to tongue-fuck his ass hole more insistently. Then Brian's hot mouth swallowed up all of Jack's prick with shocking ease. The boy writhed at the delicious feel of the mouth sucking up and down the full length of his agitated prick. He raised his head to watch, thrilled by the sexy sight of this big, handsome stud going down on his cock with such horny eagerness while his buddy sucked his ass.

Brian moved around and straddled Jack's body to get a better access to his cock, leaving Jack staring up into the guy's round, firm ass. The checks were white, the line of a tan left by a very brief bikini contrasting sharply with the pale areas. Jack hesitated for a few moments, luxuriating in the feeling of having two mouths working on him at once. Then he raised his

head again, grasping one of Brian's asscheeks in each parting them and timidly touching his lips hand to his asshole.

His tongue penetrated it and he pushed hard, licking and sucking, quickly discovering how enjoyable it was to rim the fresh-tasting, hairy asshole.

Brian grunted with lust at the sensation Jack's tongue was giving him and sucked the boy's cock even harder.

Then Jack felt a hard cockhead press cautiously against his own tender asshole. Michael began to enter him slowly and gently, inch by inch, his cock greased up with the lubricant from the tube lying on the bed near them.

The thick cockrod entered with some difficulty at first because of the tightness of Jack's rarely fucked asshole. The discomfort made the student cry out as he desperately wormed his tongue in and out of Brian's asshole to distract himself. Brian stopped sucking him and sat back on the boy's face, supporting most of his weight on his knees, watching his buddy take the football player's ass inch by inch.

The invading cock pushed its way another couple of inches inside Jack's asshole as Brian watched the kid's sphincter muscle dilate around Michael's swollen cockshaft, accepting its bulk bit by bit. Michael's eyes were misty with lust as he inched his prick between the small tight buns of the humpy young number. At last he had his massive cock inserted all the way up Jack's ass and could begin fucking him, restraining himself until he was sure Jack could take it without too much pain. Brian held onto Jack's ankles, holding the boy's legs up, spread in a wide V-shape, offering Jack's ass to his friend's lustful impalement.

"Fuck him, baby," Brian grunted. "Fuck him good!"

Jack's tongue was still doing its best to lick and probe at Brian's whole, which seemed to be a sign that the boy was enjoying himself, despite his occasional gurgle of discomfort. Michael increased the force and depth of his thrusts gradually until he was pounding into Jack's ass at something like

the full strength he unleashed when fucking Brian, his big balls slapping against the kid's upraised ass.

Jack had to hold his breath in anticipation of each thrust and stop rimming Brian's ass. The studly welder settled down more firmly on Jack's face and began rocking up and down slightly, forcing Jack to start eating his asshole again. As he tongue-fucked it, Jack looked up at the broad, muscular expanse of the big man's back above him and marveled at the size of the shoulders.

The attack Michael's prick was making in and out of his own ass increased in fury until he heard Michael cry out in raw pleasure as he began shooting his load far up into Jack's guts. Hot jism burst from the buried head of his prick and flew deep into Jack's ass, scaring its spasming walls and startling him, making his muscular body shake with response.

Brian started jacking off his own huge piece of cockmeat excitedly as he watched his fuck buddy fucking the boy who was still eagerly rimming him.

As Michael fired the last of his jizz into Jack's squirming ass, he lowered the boy's legs from his shoulders and bent over to suck the come from Brian's exploding prick as Brian aimed it at his lips. He took all of it into his mouth and down his throat as it ejaculated, something Jack hadn't been able to do, despite his intense arousal.

When Michael finally eased his cock out of Jack's tiny asshole, which burned from the relentless friction of the fuck, Brian immediately moved to take his place and raised Jack's legs high into the air once again. He inserted a finger as far up inside the boy's asshole as he could, pulling and tugging, testing the sphincter muscle for elasticity and spreading Michael's come around inside it. He smiled with satisfaction as Jack reacted hotly to the finger fucking him. "Fuck me, Brian! Go ahead and fuck me! Just take it easy at first, please! I'm used to it and I'm not sure I can take anything as big as your prick yet!" Jack gasped.

"Sure you can take it, kid," Michael said. "Fuck him, Brian. Make a man out of him! You're going to love it, Jack. I always go crazy when Brian shoves that big cock of his up my ass and fucks the shit out of me."

As Michael spoke, Brian lowered his head and licked up the residue of creamy fluid that still dripped from Jack's whole. He tongued the boy's whole for several minutes as Jack writhed beneath him and Michael took the precaution of rubbing a handful of lubricant over Brian's immense prick.

Michael watched his buddy intently, a little apprehensive about the result of this experiment himself. Slowly, but exerting a constant pressure, Brian pushed his monstrous, well greased cock through the rim of Jack's whole. It resisted the penetration, but Brian pushed harder, a groan escaping from the boy's lips. Jack couldn't help but still see the sheer size of that thing in his imagination, and his body tensed up instinctively as he pictured it penetrating his ass.

But the massive piece of cock meat cased its bloated head into his asshole with a quick shove, fining it completely and stretching it even wider than Michael's cock had. Jack gasped in agony but tried not to fight it. He wanted Brian to fuck him so damned bad!

The cock inched its awesome way up his ass as the boy moaned with fright

-- and with lust. He tried to move his hips and ass to help, but Brian kept him pinned down on the waterbed firmly. Michael's mouth had dropped open in sheer disbelief! He was a big guy and experienced but he had had trouble learning to take Brian's prick up his ass. He had never expected a young guy like Jack to accomplish the same feat so quickly and relatively painlessly!

Brian's desire was overwhelming him and he sweated under the strain of having to control his entrance into the humpy teenager's ass. He risked a harder thrust and was rewarded by a cry of acceptance from Jack and the thrilling sensation of his prong disappearing inside the boy to its full length of nearly eleven inches!

Brian maneuvered his massive body fully on top of the boy's and began to fuck him fairly gently. But no matter how carefully he moved his enormous cock inside a guys asshole, it was a rather devastating effect on the recipient. Jack squealed and squirmed and slavered with a bizarre

combination of maniacal lust and pain as Brian's prick plowed up his ass in long hard, shuddering strokes.

Michael saw that the boy needed some distraction from his temporary physical discomfort so he quickly pushed Brian's head aside and straddled Jack's chest. He began thrusting his cock out over the boy's face.

"Lick it with you tongue, bet that'll take your mind off it. Get it good and wet as slick as you can!"

Jack complied immediately, surprised that he didn't feel at all uptight at the thought of using his tongue on a cock that had just been pulled out of his own asshole. He lapped the cock eagerly, spreading his saliva generously over the broad surfaces of the big prick. Brian was fucking him harder and more confidently all the time in great, driving lunges that seemed to so right through Jack's body.

Brian caught his breath shuddered as his cock touched bottom inside Jack's ass. It stimulated territories that, he knew, had never been explored in the young stud's body until now.

"My God!" Brian groaned. "What a wild feeling... so fucking tight!"

He moved his horse cock around in tight circles inside Jack's asshole, stretching and pushing it, the boy grunting at his every movement.

Michael lowered his head and began sucking on Jack's nipples a bit roughly. Jack arched his back to receive the thrusts as Brian began running his prick full length in and out of his ass, pushing it in hard, trying to stab it even deeper up his butt each time.

Inadvertently his strokes became rougher and more sadistic as he felt the tingling in his balls and the base of his cock that meant his orgasm was rapidly approaching. Jack's asshole was stretched open to its absolute limit to accommodate that huge cock -- but he loved it! He loved being fucked by Brian like that!

Suddenly Brian yelled as his come began to pump into the boy's warm bowels, flooding them. The jism came in torrential spurts, Brian's sweat-slippery body shaken by uncontrollable spasms as the fantastic feeling of his climax almost overwhelmed him of his senses. He shoved and pushed and twisted his prick blindly, oblivious to Jack's comfort now. The hot fuck juices kept pouring from his hugely swollen cockhead in astonishing quantities, making the whole shaft of his cock slick and easing some of Jack's discomfort.

Michael stopped sucking on the boy's nipples to watch, fascinated, as his stud friend continued to rum his prick up the kid's ass to the balls. He was amazed at how Jack's asshole had been able to stretch! Brian gave a final, monstrous shove and grunted loudly as he lost the last of his load. When he pulled his still erect and throbbing cock out of thorns, the sphincter didn't close completely at first because it had been stretched so wide open by that oversized wang of Brian's. As the thick cockhead emerged, come trickled out of the whole until it finally swelled shut again, looking chafed and sore.

Brian remained on his knees for a moment, looking at the boy on the bed.

Jack still had his eyes and was panting almost as desperately for breath as the man who'd just come inside him. Brian reached down and caressed Jack's naked body gently, feeling a little ashamed of having fucked him so brutally. Maybe the kid hadn't really been ready for it...

"Christ!" Jack moaned, sounding exhausted but thrilled by the experience.

"That was one hell of a fuck!" His breathing was beginning to slow to normal again.

"I'm sorry. I know I must've hurt you. Maybe I shouldn't have fucked you at all, just let Michael do it..."

Jack opened his eyes and gazed up at Brian as though intoxicated. "Don't be stupid, man. If you hadn't done it, I'd have sat on that big cock of yours and taken it up my ass anyway, raped you!" he laughed. "That was the greatest thing I've ever felt -- ever, man! No offense, Michael, but Brian's got the biggest cock I've ever seen, even in a fuck magazine!"

Jack had come all over himself at some unremembered point. Brian reached down and grabbed his half-hard cock and began to massage it. It sprang back up almost instantly and pulsated in his fist in the dim light of the bedroom. Michael sucked it into his mouth as Brian let go and began to deep-throat it eagerly. Jack was still hot and felt ready to explode for a second time any moment!

Then Michael pulled his mouth away and straddled Jack's body, facing him.

He lowered his beautiful butch ass down on the boy's cock.

He reached back with one hand and aimed the respectably large head of Jack's hard-on directly at his own ungreased whole and began to work his ass down around it, literally fucking Jack's prickshaft up into his ass.

Jack was wide-eyed with surprise, that Michael wanted him to fuck him. He licked his dry lips as his cock poked its head violently up through the opening of the handsome stud's ass. Michael took it all without so much as a whimper of pain!

"Fuck me, Jack," he begged, staring hotly down into the football player's dazed eyes. "Turn-about's fair play, stud. Fuck that big prick of yours up into my hot whole and hump the hell out of me with every inch of it!"

Slowly but steadily, Michael continued to sit back and sink down, until Jack's thick cock was plunged securely all the way up his ass. Jack gasped as he penetrated that incredibly hot, tight ass. His hips began to move up from the mattress as though by sheer sexual instinct and he matched Michael's expert, eager fucking movements as the guy rode his cock.

Michael groped down and caressed Jack's erect nipples, then carefully, without dislodging the boy's cock from his ass, leaned over him and planted his lips on Jack's, letting Jack do all of the work and set the pace. Thrilled, the pass receiver increased the speed, of his thrusts as the erotic urgency rose within him, fucking Michael notably with his cock in his ass, but with his tongue in his mouth.

He imitated Brian by ramming his prick all the way in a few times, just to see what it was like, making Michael grunt from the slight stabs of pain. And then, without any real warning, Jack was there. He just couldn't hold back any longer -- he had to come again in that hot asshole!

He fucked his prick rapidly in and out, his head spinning with passion as Michael sucked on his tongue. As the molten fluid began to surge up through his cock and pump out of it into the depths of Michael's ass, Michael began shoving his tongue in and out of Jack's panting mouth in the same furious rhythm. The boy tried to exclaim around the insistently probing tongue, but the sound emerged muffled and indistinct.

He twisted and pushed as he shot his wad, feeling as though he would never stop unloading! But, gradually, his spurts slowed and got smaller, his hips and ass slowing to a jerky, irregular hunching. Michael stopped soul-kissing him then and sat back on top of his crotch again, reveling in the feeling of having been fucked, letting the last spurts of jism gush in to his asshole of their own accord as he played gently with Jack's throbbing nipples.

When the boy had reined sufficiently after his orgasm, Michael raised his behind -- and eased it off Jack's cock. The thick, limp cockmeat slapped down lewdly against Jack's taut belly with a tiny slapping sound. It stuck there, glued to Jack's sweaty skin by its own coating of dribbling cream.

Jack felt totally exhausted but exhilarated. He was completely saturated with sex, at least for the time being, as Michael lifted himself off him and stretched out beside him. Brian, whose cock had gotten semi-hard again while he'd watched Jack fuck the other man, joined them, and all three of them collapsed gratefully on the waterbed.

They lay there in silence for a few minutes, each absorbed in his own thoughts. Then Brian reached over to Jack's crotch and began massaging his balls lightly. Jack sighed with sensual pleasure and cuddled up against both men's big bodies, feeling totally relaxed and satisfied for the first time in days. He felt as though he'd just passed some sort of test -- made a vital decision. Any doubts he might still have had about gay sex had been blasted -- indeed, fucked -- away for good.

Brian was already half-asleep and Jack had his eyes closed as he rested his face against the other man's chest, his arms thrown around him.

Michael crawled in next to them and pressed himself snugly up against Brian's ass. In a matter of minutes, he too was peacefully asleep, his arm draped loosely over Jack's sleek chest, his limp, drained cock buried between Brian's muscular thighs.

CHAPTER NINE

Seth had evidently just gotten up and left the room to take a shower when Jack got back to the dormitory early that Sunday afternoon. Seth's bed was unmade but obviously slept in and the clothes he'd worn the night before were strewn carelessly over the floor between his bed and Jack's.

Jack had no sooner sat down than his room mate returned from the bathroom naked, his damp towel slung casually over him, hiding nothing. But he took it and, with a peculiarly illogical kind of modesty, wrapped it around his waist the moment he saw that Jack had come back.

"Hi," Seth said slowly, as they looked at each other for a long, tense moment. "Where were you all night?"

"Out. Out tricking," Jack specified boldly enjoying the shocked reaction on Seth's face.

Tricking seemed like such an inadequate word for it, though, he thought.

The three of them had done more than their fair share of fucking and sucking after waking up in Brian's waterbed that morning, before going out for brunch together. The hot, totally uninhibited sex had left Jack with a new attitude toward his homosexuality. He'd promised to call Brian so that the two of them could get together again after Michael left town, and, until then, Jack had no intentions of settling for the lonely relief of masturbation.

"I'm gay," Jack said bluntly, when Seth didn't say anything. "I'm not ashamed of it any more. If you want to find another roommate, I'll understand."

"Who the hell were you out having sex with last night?" Seth blurted out.

"Some other guy here in the dorm?"

Jack stared at him. He was about to ask Seth why he thought the expression on the other guy's face. Seth was angry! And jealous!

"Hey," Jack said, his voice now low and serious and soothing, intimate,

"what's come over you, man? Are you pissed off at me because I'm a cocksucker or something?" Seth took his head no. They stared at each other defiantly, warily, for a moment longer. But then, abruptly, Seth stepped forward and pulled the other young stud's body against him violently, wrapping his arms around his back. He tugged Jack's head up to his so that their lips met in a brutal, demanding, grinding kiss. His tongue rammed into Jack's mouth and he held his head in place until his humpy friend stopped struggling and began to return the kin. Jack rubbed his body against Seth's virtual nudity, moaning with lust at this wholly unexpected but delightful development.

"I'm gay, too," Seth said when he pulled his mouth away and they were both left panting for breath. "I don't want to fight it any more... I want us to do it together again, like the other day. I want us to fuck and suck!"

Blushing at the admission, he stepped back and threw the towel off. Then he stretched himself out naked on the bed, flat on his back, stuffing a pillow behind his head.

"Come here!" he whispered urgently, reaching down and eagerly fondling his cock, which was already beginning to stir, to swell and stiffen.

"It's all I've been able to think about these last few days. I'm going to go crazy if I don't get a blow-job again soon!"

Jack stared at the naked stud on the bed, at the thick cockmeat being offered to him. Seth's restless hand slid slowly down the flat plane of his belly and over his thighs, nudging his heavy balls before grasping his cock lightly again and beginning to caress it into full, throbbing erection as Jack watched, mesmerized.

"Come here!" Seth whispered again, even more urgently. "You want to suck it, don't you, man? Go ahead! I want you to! Suck it, and then I'll suck yours, I promise! I've built up a big, hot load for you!"

Jack hesitated for a moment longer, then decided to hell with it! He tore all of his clothes off, scattering them about the room, and came to the bed. Naked, he sat down beside Seth and reached for his prick. He closed his eyes as he pushed Seth's hand away from it and replaced it with his own fingers, closing them into a tight fist, which he squeezed possessively around Seth's turgid prick. Seth moaned and spread his muscular thighs for him, giving him complete access to his crotch. Seth pushed down on the top of Jack's head as he thrust up with his hips, rubbing his rigid prick against Jack's panting, moaning lips.

"Suck me," the star quarterback urged his pass receiver. "Oh God, Jack, please suck me? I need it. Now!"

Jack wrenched his body a little further to one side, then moved up on the mattress on his knees between Seth's widespread thighs. He still had a grip on the stud's cock with his fingers as he began to lower his head.

His tongue flicked outside his lips and darted wildly from side to side, coating the tip of Seth's hard-on with his saliva, tickling it.

"Oh fuck!" Seth grunted.

His hands tripped Jack's head and shoved it down toward his cock again.

At the same time he jerked high off the mattress with his hips and ass.

"Yeah, buddy! Lick the fucker! Lick it! Get it wet! Oh yeah! That's the way!" he panted.

He twisted his head around on the pillow and arched his neck so that he could look down the length of his body at what Jack was doing to his cock with his lips and tongue. Seth's mouth parted in a tense, lewd gasp as he watched the other boy tongue the head and shaft of his cock. Seeing it done excited him almost as much as the blowjob itself did!

"The balls, man, get that hot mouth down on my balls! Lick 'em! Suck 'em!"

Take the fucking things inside your mouth and suck on 'em!" he pleaded.

Jack obeyed, moving his mouth down the shaft of Seth's throbbing hard-on until his wet lips rubbed over the twin spheres of the young quarterback's come-laden nuts, his tongue pressing against them, pushing them around inside their hairy sac. Then Jack opened his mouth wider and coned one ball completely inside, sucking on it hard and fast. His tongue caressed it from every possible angle inside the heated, wet interior of his mouth.

Seth moaned with passion, his big body shuddering with response. And he really got turned on when Jack eased his other ball inside his obscenely taut-stretched, yawning lips and began to suck on both of them at once, making the solid length of Seth's cockshaft puke furiously with its barely pent-up lust.

Seth's fingers tore on Jack's head crushing that maddening arousing mouth about his balls. The other guy shouted in pain. He shook his head to tell Seth to stop, to let the pace of their oral sex. "No!" Seth moaned. "No, keep it up! Don't stop now, Jack! It's so good -- so Goddamn good!"

He could feel his excitement rising higher and higher, his blood as hot as fire as it pulsed through his cock. That tongue kept on licking the come right out of his balls. His chest was wet with sweat, the curls of hair between his chiseled pea damp and plastered flat against his flesh.

And then Jack abandoned his balls and began to suck his cock!

His lips wasted up toward the tip of the cock, his mouth compressed against the part of the cockshaft just below the flare of the head. He paused there, his tongue making a couple of quick swipes along the blunted top of the other guy's prick. There was a strong taste of pronominal fluids which gushed out to sear his tongue, the flavor only a hint of the much salty come that would eventually be spurting from that stud's prick!

Jack pushed his head over the cockhead and took all of it into his mouth.

His throat was sufficiently experienced in such matters by now that the long slide down around the prick was accomplished in one smooth plunge.

Quickly, on the upward motion of his oral stroke, Jack got into an easy cock-sucking rhythm -- up to the crown of the cock, down to its base, back up, back down, never pausing.

Seth groaned as though in agony, although he felt ecstatic. His fingers were now able to control the cadence of the other jock's mouth on his prick. He gasped and squirmed as Jack's expert oral lovemaking drove him into an erotic frenzy. His hard cock screamed with frantic lust as those wet, slippery lips and that agile, teasing tongue coned it steadily closer to eruption.

Jack had learned a lot about sucking cocks just overnight, in bed with Michael and Brian. He now knew exactly how to move his lips and tongue, how to cork-screw his face down over that prick in just the right way to bring it spasming to a quick and violent ejaculation. But he also knew how to make Seth's passion come to a boil slowly, if he so chose.

Seth seemed to sense that Jack had settled in for a long ride, that he wanted to prolong this blow job for as long as possible. Seth spread his thighs wider and writhed on the bed, rocking from side to side, his hips and ass jerking so that the wet warm friction of that torment big mouth and throat scorched his prick at different, thrilling angles. Jack held on, sucking wildly, each hot up-and-down caress of his lips going smoothly from the bulging head of the cock to its base, near the aching, swollen balls.

Seth panted with ever-mounting excitement and suspense. He couldn't take much more of this. Hell, no guy with a functioning prick could! Jack was too good at giving head, his hunger too ravenous.

Jack, too, knew that his biddy was about due to climax. He detected all the usual warning signs -- rasping groans, the tightening of his grip on Jack's head, an increasingly out-of-control undulation in his hips, a thickening of his scrotum, the additional bloating of the hot, horny prickshaft inside Jack's greedily devouring mouth...

"I'm close! Oh Christ, I'm so damn close, you fucker?" Seth gasped. "Oh, suck me!"

He moaned, his voice low and guttural. His fingers locked behind Jack's bobbing head, holding it stationary as his hips gave a burst of pumping action that drove his fat cock in and out of Jack's throat with maniacal force, like a hot steel piston.

"I'm... fucking... your face buddy!" he snarled as his lust peaked.

His every word and cry of passion was punctuated by a taut pull or thrust of his meaty cock into or out of that desperately sucking orifice, burying the head deep in Jack's throat each time. Just as Seth was about to shout out loud with the first burst of his orgasmic satisfaction, Jack wrenched his drooling mouth off his cock! Seth stiffened with shock and the cry that he was coming died in his throat!

"Why'd you stop?" he demanded angrily. "I was just about there! Why the fuck did you quit just when I was ready to blast? You want me to suck yours? Is that it? Give it to me, then! I'll suck it! Lets's sixty-nine, Jack! I'll do anything, as long as you help me get my fucking rocks off!"

"I don't want it that way!" Jack panted. "I want to take it up my ass instead! Go ahead, fuck me! Fuck me up the ass!"

He rolled over, on to his stomach, and Seth got up on his knees. He was seated on the backs of Seth's thighs, straddling him, in another moment.

His hands and began to stroke Jack's fist until he had the boy's muscular ass in his binds, squeezing it. His fingers tightened their grip on the firm ass cheeks for a second then relaxed and slipped between Jack's thighs, spreading them as he wriggled his own heavy body down and lowered himself on top of the other football player's back. His cock, still wet with saliva from Jack's mouth, pushed between his roommate's asscheeks and began to press against his tight asshole. The head slipped in suddenly, forcing the ass to stretch open as Jack shuddered beneath his weight.

"Easy!" Jack gasped.

He didn't want to tell Seth that his ass was still sore from the rough fucking it had received last night and again that morning from two other guys' stiff

cocks.

"Take it easy, Seth, for Christ's sake, until you get it all the way in me, okay?"

"Yeah," Seth whispered into his ear as another two inches of his cock went up Jack's ass. "Yeah... I'll take it nice and easy... don't worry, buddy, I'll try to do it just the way you like it!"

He pushed his prick as far as was possible up Jack's ass. Then he slowly pulled back to withdraw a portion of his cockmeat, feeling the flesh of his sweaty belly reluctantly pull free of the damp ass cheeks that it had become stuck to. Seth immediately rammed the full length of his cock home again, punishing his bumpy partner's ass.

"Fucking Jesus -- easy!" Jack reminded him with a moan.

Seth groped underneath Jack's body and fondled his prick, giving Jack's hard cock a fist to fuck at the same time that his butch ass was forced to accept every inch of Seth's cock. Seth reared back again, dragging his cock almost totally free of the other stud's ass, his body hunched obscenely over his friend's. He drove himself back inside the traumatized asshole with one violent shove that sent a wave of shuddering reaction rocking through Jack's body!

"Fuck me, Seth -- oh God, fuck me, stud!" Jack cried.

He could feel his own prick growing painfully harder within Seth's gripping fingers, as his fucker buried his prick in his burning, convulsively responsive anal tunnel, driving him wild with lust. Seth was gradually moving into a faster pumping rhythm up his butt. God, but the guy knew how to fuck ass!

Jack had almost been afraid he wouldn't like being fucked by anybody else after experience Brian's huge cock. But Seth was driving him crazy with sheer, raw horniness as he humped his ass. Each time Seth's cock pressed balls-deep up his ass, Jack experienced the sensation of his ass walls being

stretched to their limits. Seth's tube like mass of cockmeat glided in and out of him like a section of lead pipe, battering Jack's prostate.

There was a pleasant pain in Jack's plugged bowels as Seth continued to pump every inch of his cock in and out of his ass. Jack as acutely as he was of every movement his friend's cock made inside him as it was force-fed into his asshole only to be brutally yanked out and re-inserted. His guts spumed repeatedly, the inner walls of his ass turning fiery hot from the pressure and friction of the hard flesh nabbing against them so relentlessly.

Seth went on fucking him, gritting his teeth in an effort to control the building pressure inside his sodomizing prick. Fucking Jack's ass was like nothing had ever experienced. His asshole was so boyishly tight, yet so yielding and responsive, that it seemed to have been designed especially to take his prick and to give it a long, hot ride!

Seth's cock was pulled back inside that hungry hole again by the other guy's ass muscles, his prickhead tightly gripped by the encircling sphincter. When he continued pumping in and out, it took a real exertion because Jack was squeezing down on his cock so possessively, wanting every bit of it to stay inside him, fucking him.

Seth's lower belly ground into Jack's ass cheeks. His pubic hair was pressed into the warm, sweaty flesh of Jack's ass crack. His fist was filled with Jack's throbbing cockmeat, jerking it off as it rubbed against the mattress the two horny college jocks were fucking on. Seth closed his eyes as he felt his body being driven to its limits of endurance!

Jack's guts were knotting up with each renewed thrust of Seth's cock, into him. His own prick was rock-hard and in an agony of frustrated lust within Seth's furiously pumping fist. Jack continued to rock and buck his ass, stirring Seth's cock up his ass, letting that stabbing weapon ram against his searing prostate again and again from every possible angle.

Seth grunted and sped up his fucking even more! His throbbing cock was squeezed by Jack's strong ass muscles.

Their bodies were slippery wet with sex-sweat as the heaved and writhed and tossed, both studs making frantic final efforts to get off, to come together, one up the other's ass, the other in his fucker's fist. Jack was on the edge of orgasm, brought on by Seth's roughly milking hand as Seth braced himself with a stifled cry, ready to pour his hot load up Jack's ass. Jack's body was eager for the release of a wet spurt of come into Seth's still-pumping fingers.

"Oh Jesus!" he screamed. "I'm coming! Shoot in me, Seth! Shoot in me.

Come in my ass!"

Seth's crisis had arrived, too. Pressing his face against Jack's shoulder, he rammed his cock home for the last time before he felt it swell and shudder in the throes of a violent ejaculation. He groaned as his climax took hold of him and shook his body like a rag doll's, sucking all of the strength out of him and focusing it in the jets of searing jism erupted into Jack's asshole. He gushed out his jizz as he felt his fingers being drenched by Jack's own helpless discharge.

Ass flesh quivered hotly around Seth's bursting cock as the last of the jizz dribbled from his spent prick. The two boys stayed as they were, breathing heavily in the sudden silence after the ear-splitting intensity of their shared orgasm. They slumped down on the bed together, Jack flat on his belly, Seth sprawled on his back, his cock still jammed up Jack's ass. His arms hugged around Jack's chest, his lips touching Jack's ear, his breath hot against his buddy's flushed face. They lay there like that for a long time, motionless, breathing together, holding each other, lovers at last -- two happy men.

THE END